

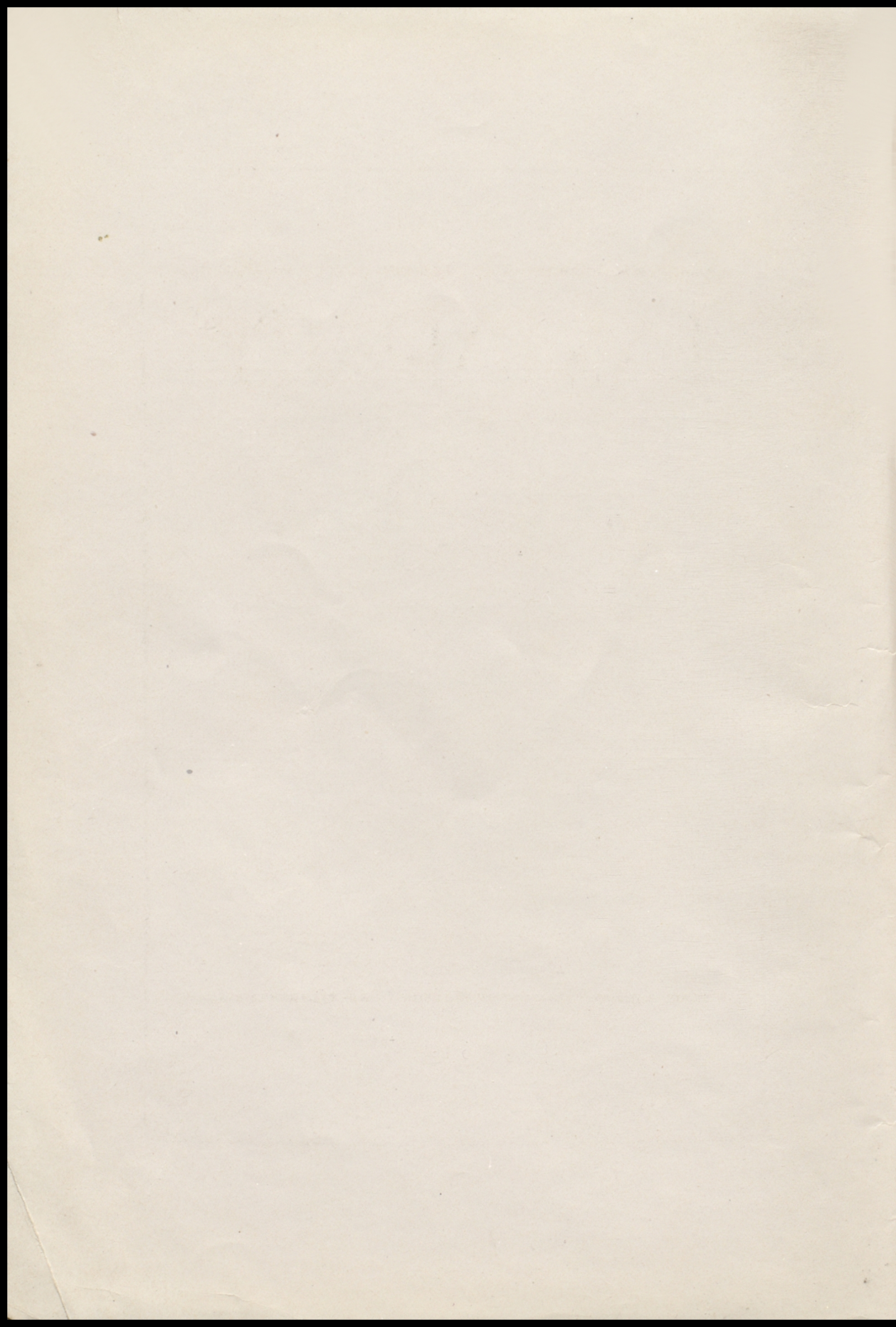
The
TAMARACK

Senior Number

JANUARY 1915

AMARACK

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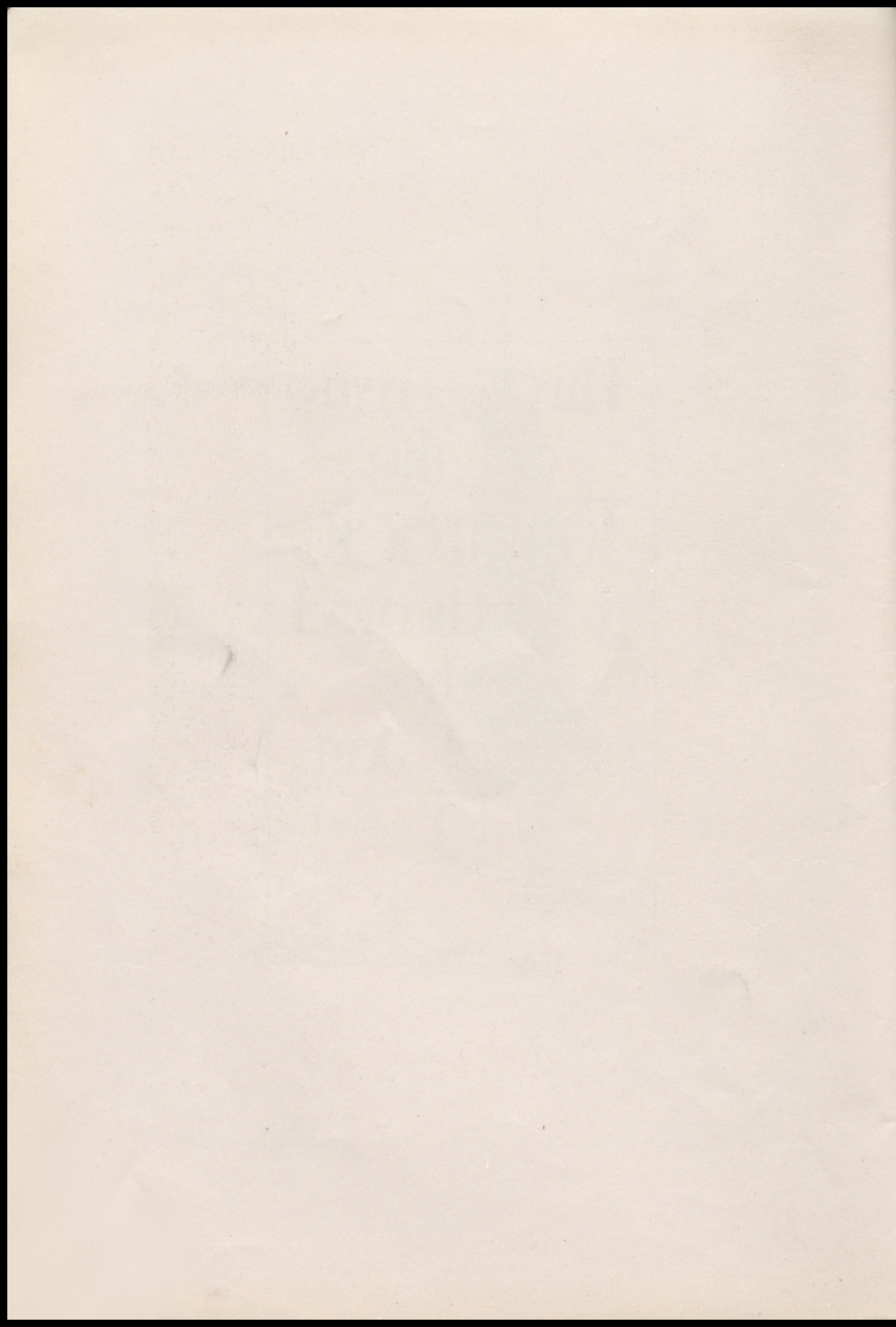
TAMARACK

NORTH
CENTRAL
HIGH
SCHOOL

JANVARY 1915



This issue
of the
Tamarack
is dedicated
to the
class of Jan.,
'15



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"Shake hands, old sport."

That Freshman



THE September morn was just peeping over the horizon one cloudless morning as a well dressed young fellow alighted from the train at Stanton. He picked up his grips which the porter had deposited beside him, and after bestowing a quarter on the officious son of Cham, jauntily walked up to the ticket-office.

"Quite a metropolis you have here," he said sarcastically, motioning towards the "town" which consisted of a "general merchandise," a tumble-down hotel, a barber shop, and the low wooden depot.

"We ain't got a very large city here, young feller, but I'll guess it'll do," answered the agent, somewhat testily.

"How far is it to the college?" asked the new-comer, apparently not noticing the other's perturbation.

"It's just about fifteen minutes' walk from here."

"Haven't you a livery stable or a taxicab or something here?"

"No; but the stage will be along in—les' see—in about an hour an' a half, if ye want to wait that long."

The young fellow made some more highly uncomplimentary remarks about the metropolis of Stanton, and then picking up his grips he strode haughtily away.

"That's one o' the freshest youngsters I ever see," commented the agent to himself, watching the retreating figure of his late interlocutor. "The b'ys will soon take it out o' him, though," he added.

Edwin Aubrey Dwyer walked steadily along toward the distant college buildings, handling his heavy grips with ease. He was a healthy, robust young man, the only son of wealthy parents, which fact he made known at every opportunity. He took pride in his ancestry, in his manly strength, in his ability to play baseball, and generally in everything that was in any way connected with E. A. Dwyer. Truly he was, as the station-master said, a very "fresh" youth.

He hastened onward toward the buildings which he could now see, picturesquely clustered together, perhaps half a mile away across the level plain.

"So this is where I'm going to hang out, is it?" he exclaimed. "Well, I'll show these fellows a little 'speed,' believe me. By the way, I must not forget Sam's instruction about making 'a hit' right from the start."

Soon he reached the little group of buildings, and promptly rang the front door bell of the largest one, an imposing brick structure. Without waiting to be announced he entered the building and said to the surprised janitor who was coming to the door, "Where's the president? I want to see him. Here's my card—and hurry up."

The astonished servant made some unintelligible exclamation, and took the proffered card. Edwin Aubrey again picked up his suitcases and followed closely at the other's heels, without being bidden. He entered the president's office, still close behind the janitor, who at once gave the card to the dignified gentleman with gold spectacles, seated in a chair behind a large desk.

"I'm Ed Dwyer, son of the railroad man. Of course you know him," the young man introduced himself, brushing past the servant.

"Wh-what!" said the president somewhat surprised.

"Shake hands, old sport. Glad to meet you," continued Dwyer bravely. "How's your wife and family?"

"Wh-what," gurgled the president faintly.

"What's the matter—hard of hearing? Oh, well! I'll speak louder," proceeded the unabashed Edwin.

"Why—why, my dear young sir, how you talk!" gasped the astonished gentleman, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Well, anyway, you know now who I am. Say, old chap, you'll let me off easy with the entrance exams, won't you? Come on, that's a good fellow."

"Sir, you forget who I am. Now, Jimmie," he said to the janitor, who came in answer to the bell, "show this young man where to put his luggage, and then introduce him to some of the students."

Jimmie very shortly introduced Dwyer to a big Junior standing near a side entrance. It was not long before the upper-classmen became utterly disgusted with the new-comer, and he promptly excused himself. Young Dwyer wandered about the deserted grounds when he saw a small group of boys standing under a large elm. He walked up to them and said loudly, "Hello, fellahs, what's doing?"

"It's a Freshie," shouted one, after he had surveyed the intruder for a moment. "Let's mob him for talking to us like that."

The others agreed, and before the surprised Dwyer could move, the whole crowd were on top of him. He struggled fiercely but to no avail, for it was five against one. They hurried him away, still kicking lustily, and gave him a good "ducking" in a nearby pond.

"Maybe you'll know how to address Sophomores after this," said a tall angular fellow, who appeared to be the leader of the crowd.

"And say, Freshie, when you see a Soph raise your hat and shut your face up tight, see? If you don't, it'll be the worse for you."

"I see myself raising my hat to you fellows!" said the dripping Dwyer scornfully.

"You won't eh?" howled the leader. "Well, we'll see about that. Duck him again, fellows." Whereupon the struggling boy was again immersed in the water, and pushed under several times, until he was half drowned.

"Now, will you do what we tell you to?" asked one of the tormentors.

"I—I guess I—I—I won't," gasped the exhausted Freshman. "You—you fellows—can't make me, either."

"Oh, we can't hey?" queried one scornfully. "Put him in that barrel, fellows, and we'll roll him."

So fighting desperately Dwyer was finally pushed, hauled, and crowded into a barrel which was then rolled down a steep, rocky hill.

"You won't do what we tell you to, won't you, Freshie?" shouted the boys gleefully as they watched the barrel go crashing and bounding down the hill. "We'll teach you a little respect." Then they went on their way, laughing boisterously.

The disgusted Freshman crawled out of the battered barrel in which he had taken his wild ride, saying many uncharitable things about his assailants. He was badly bruised, his collar, shirt, and new suit were in a deplorable condition, and he shivered in his wet garments. But his spirit was not broken. He got to his room without being seen by the Sophomores, and there he changed his wet, dirty clothes.

The next morning as he passed a Sophomore he defiantly pulled his cap down tighter on his head. The second-year man jumped angrily at him, whereupon a lively scuffle ensued, followed shortly by an exhibition of fisticuffs, in which Dwyer came off victorious. He taunted his defeated opponent as that battered individual walked off to join his comrades.

"You stuck-up Soph, you. I'll teach you to meddle with me," he said. "Go tell the rest of your bunch that I'll do the same to them, too, if they bother me."

The entire Sophomore class was dumbfounded when they heard the news. Such a thing had never before happened in the history of the school. Edwin Aubrey Dwyer was unanimously voted the "fresh-est" Freshman in the long list of new men. At a class meeting the whole crowd of second-year men declared war on him.

They started immediately. After a heavy shower a large number of them captured him, and taking him forcibly to a secluded part of the campus, they stripped him to the waist. First he was tied hand and foot to a tree. Then they stood off a distance and threw mud at him.

"Got enough, Freshie?"

"He's learned some manners now."

"C-confound you fellows!" sputtered Dwyer, trying to clear the mud from his mouth and eyes. "I'll get even with every one of you."

The days that followed were one long, hideous nightmare for the unlucky Freshman. Seeing that he still resisted vigorously, the Sophomores went to great lengths to subdue him. They "ducked" him innumerable times; they tossed him in a blanket; they rolled him in the mud; they took him out at night, undressed him and tied him to a post, and turned the hose on him. And still he was as "fresh" as ever. One night a number of them took him out and decorated him from head to foot with brilliant red paint. The odor of the mixture made the unhappy victim so sick that he was confined to his bed for several days. This was too much for the college authorities. The president, who had discreetly ignored the persecution of the Freshman, now stepped in, and after a thorough investigation, expelled two of the ring-leaders. This stopped the hazing. The Sophomores acknowledged themselves beaten. They had abused him in every way they could think of, and yet he was still unruly.

* * * * *

At length the weary winter with its ice and snow passed away beneath the warm March sun. Soon the first call for baseball candidates was given, and Dwyer, along with many others, reported for the first practice.

There were only two positions on the varsity to be filled, as the majority of the last-year men had returned to school. The vacant places were left and center field. Batting practice came first. Despite the howls and jeers of a crowd of Sophomores on the side-lines, the Freshman succeeded in hitting the ball hard every time, and

made a good impression on the coach. He easily survived the first and second cuts of the squad. Even the second-year men who were among the candidates reluctantly admitted that Dwyer was "pretty good," and that he had a fair chance to make the team.

In the opening game he played right field, as had been predicted. To those in the stands he made a good impression, but he disgusted the coach and captain alike, failing to carry out their orders, thereby spoiling a carefully planned play. Although he got two well-placed hits, the coach decided that he wanted a less independent player on the team, so he was saved as a "pinch hitter."

Dwyer chafed impatiently on the bench game after game, only getting in for an inning or two at the close of the game when there was no chance of losing. But the hardest series of contests on the schedule was set for the first week in June, and the winning team would be declared champions of the state.

The first game was played on the home grounds, and after a poorly played exhibition the visitors won by a 9 to 0 score. Dwyer, batting for the pitcher, won the second game in the ninth inning by a nice two-base hit, when the captain had ordered him to sacrifice a man to third.

The third game, the deciding one of the series, was also played on the home field. Each team worked hard, and in the sixth inning both teams tallied a score. Thereafter it seemed impossible for either side to score, so effective were the pitchers.

With two out in the last half of the ninth the batter hit a grounder to second. The fielder in his haste to retire the side, fumbled the ball, then picked it up hurriedly and threw wild to first. The next man drew a base on balls. The expectant crowd groaned, for the next batter was Clinton, the little left fielder who had already struck out three times. He walked slowly up to the plate, nervously swinging the bat. The captain, who was coaching at first, stopped the game for a moment and said something to the umpire. That official turned to the crowd and announced to them that Dwyer was to bat for Clinton. Hopes were immediately raised, for Dwyer was an excellent "pinch-hitter."

He stepped up confidently, glad of a chance to get into the game. There was a man on second, and a single would win the game. It was a single that Dwyer expected to make. He cracked the first ball thrown, and away bounded between first and second, as clean a hit as a batter could make. The runner on second, who had taken a long lead, now tore frantically for home, amid the shouts of the spectators.

Dwyer jogged along toward first base, laughing at the disgusted pitcher who was leaving the field. But suddenly he heard the captain shouting and then ran with all his speed, for the right fielder who had been playing in close, had taken the ball on the bound, and as he saw Dwyer "loafing" on the hit, shot it to first. The ball beat the runner by the barest fraction of a second and the umpire waved him out.

The crowd hurled insulting epithets at the crestfallen Dwyer. "What's the matter with you anyway?" howled the captain from the coaching line. "Maybe you've lost the game for us. Now get out there in left field and see that you don't miss any flies."

Things looked pretty black for the home team as they trotted in for their last turn at bat. The two runs that came in could not surely be made up. The score now stood 3-1 in favor of the visitors. The first man struck out on three pitched balls. The second batter succeeded in stopping a ball with the pit of his stomach, thereby reaching first after a slow, painful journey.

Hopes were again raised to fever heat when the following man singled sharply to left. An intended sacrifice followed, but a runner was "forced" at third. Again it was two men on bases and two men out, when it came Dwyer's turn to bat.

"If you ever hit before, hit now!" growled the captain between clenched teeth. "Don't bunt; hit. And run everything out."

Dwyer airily strode up to the plate, not heeding the remarks which came from the stand.

First a strike was called; then came two balls. The crowd forgot to shout at the batter, and now looked on with breathless interest. The sun, sinking behind the stands, cast long straggling shadows over the infield. "That's pitching ball, old boy," encouraged the first baseman to his team-mate. "Come on, come on," shouted the coacher at third base, "hit that ball hard."

The pitcher wound up slowly, warily watching the base-runners, then he delivered the ball. As Dwyer saw it coming a gleam shot into his eyes. Instinctively he knew that it was an outcurve, and that it would come waist high.

"Crack"—the ball soared far and wide, straight for left field. The fielder tore after it, leaping wildly into the air as it passed over his head.

"A home-run, a home-run!" shouted the exultant crowd.

The two base-runners had scored and Dwyer had just passed

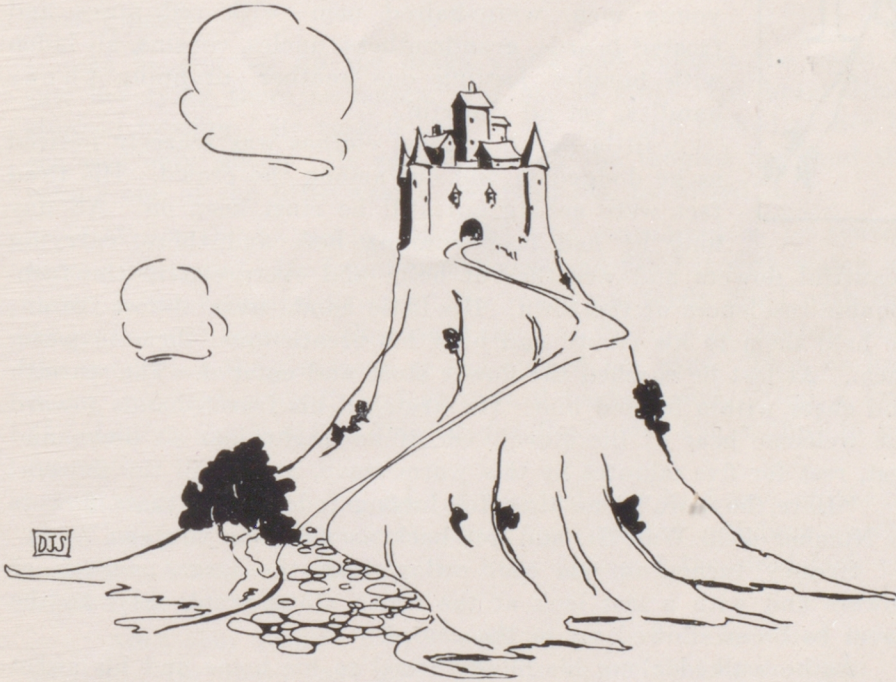
second when the umpire's voice rose above the din. "Foul ball!" he shouted. It had fallen barely two inches outside the foul line.

Dwyer resumed his position at the plate more determined than ever. The pitcher, guessing that he would be very anxious to hit the next ball, delivered a wide curve. Dwyer struck with all his might—and missed.

No more surprised or dejected countenance could be imagined than Edwin A. Dwyer's when he realized that he had struck out, and thereby lost the game, as well as the championship. His woe-begone countenance made even his own disappointed team-mates smile.

That incident completely changed the "uncontrollable Freshman," and thereafter he was the most docile person in the school. The extent of the change was made more apparent when, at a meeting of the baseball team a week later, Dwyer was unanimously chosen as next year's captain.

—"Bobbie" Endres, Jan. '15.





The Price

LOUISE NATHER

January, '15

His little hands were almost frozen



WAS Christmas eve and the streets were crowded with red-cheeked girls with laughing eyes, robust young men, white-haired men with red noses and frosted beards, grandmothers, uncles, cousins, all laden with bundles jostling one another, dropping their bundles, yet all cheerful.

A little boy in ragged clothes was scarcely noticed as he dodged in and out among the crowd. His tired feet were aching but still he must keep on. All day long he had been running here and there, carrying beautiful flowers and wreaths of holly and evergreen to the fashionable residences of the town. His little hands were almost frozen; he held them to his mouth and blew his breath upon them to warm them. At last he reached the flower store and entered. The warmth and cheer within invited him. He stretched his frozen hands toward the welcome heat of the stove. Oh, if he might just sit down and rest, rest for five minutes by this warm stove, and smell the flowers!

"Here, boy, we've no time for loafing today, take these flowers to Number 4320 Wall St. and get back as quick as you can."

Sydney turned up his coat collar, took the large package of flowers and with a last look at the warm stove, went out into the street to be swallowed up in the crowd.

As he walked along his mind turned to his home and his sweet sister, the idol of his heart. He could see her now lying there in the little bed, her white pinched face and her long golden hair. There would be no Christmas for her, he had tried to save up a few pen-

nies to buy her some little gift, but he could not, for he must spend his hard-earned money for wood and food. A lump came in his throat; he swallowed hard to keep back the tears. No, he told himself, he did not care for himself, he was almost a man and was used to hardships; but Rosy, his little sister, if she only might have some little thing,—he could not bear to see the look of disappointment on her face. He must get her something! Suddenly his heart bounded.

Why it was easy after all, but no—he could not do it, it would be stealing, and yet—well, he would do it!

He turned and started toward his home. Home—it sounded sweet to him. It was just one room and the wall paper was torn and the furniture broken, but still it was home, and the dearest place on earth, for in that room lived his baby sister. He had taken care of her since she was a baby and all the love of his little love-starved life went out toward her. Yes, he would do anything in the world for her, even if he had to go to jail for it. She would have her Christmas and that was all that mattered. He walked on more quickly.

As he climbed up the dingy stairs and entered the room, he saw her lying there as before; but oh, so still! His heart almost stopped beating. He rushed over to the bed and looked at her but she was only asleep. He smoothed back the tangled hair and then taking one of the little wasted hands in his, he kissed it.

“Won’t she be tickled, though?” he murmured as he scurried around on tiptoe. He found an old vase and filled it with water, and in it put the beautiful flowers. The room was fairly filled with their fragrance and beauty. He placed them at the foot of the bed where she would see them as soon as she opened her eyes. Then he knelt down, and lifting his little face toward heaven, said, “God, I know I’m doin’ a sin, but I’m doin’ it for Rosy, and I’m willin’ to pay. Amen.”

He sat down by the side of the bed and held one of the hot little hands in his. Slowly the tired eyes opened. Sydney watched eagerly. A smile broke over the little face and the tired look vanished from the eyes.

“Ain’t they pretty, Rosy,” said Sydney. Her face had brightened up. He would have given his life to see that smile again. It was worth the price.

“Rosy wants one,” she murmured, and her little hand stretched out toward the flowers. Sydney took one of the flowers and placed

it in her hand. She clutched the flower and laid its cool petals against her face, then looked at Sydney with her big blue eyes and smiled and said:

"Rosy's happy now, but oh, so tired!" Then she closed her tired little eyes and lay still.

Sydney then started up the fire and prepared the scant meal. When it was ready he went to her side and called softly, "Rosy, dear, wake up," but she did not answer. "Rosy!" His heart stopped beating. Was it time at last? "Rosy," he called again almost fiercely, but she answered him not, for the tired little eyes were closed forever. But still a smile was on her lips and in her hand was clutched the flower. He threw himself down on the bed and cried, his body racked with grief. All night long he lay there, long shuddering sobs shaking his body. He did not know how long he lay there, but someone came and led him away, he did not know whom nor care. His heart was broken, but still there was one little joy left, he had made her last hour happy and now he must pay the price.

—Louise Nather.



The Rosary



THE old Metropolitan Opera House was packed to the doors, for Williams' musical night was a treat to all music critics, however severe their censure might be. The last number was introduced, and a young man of handsome appearance and graceful bearing stepped lightly to the center of the stage amid a scant and half-hearted clapping of hands, for he was unknown to most present. He looked casually over his audience, and then with shoulders squared and head erect, he began. The piano struck the opening chord, and the audience was all attention. Not a soul in the house but knew that either a brilliant success or a miserable failure were the only possible outcomes of the attempt. It was Nevin's "Rosary."

A rich tenor voice rolled out over the sea of upturned faces. A hush that was oppressive fell upon the crowd. Like the ringing of a silver bell fell the soft, measured accents of—

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me—

With the skill of an Orpheus he held his listeners spellbound through the heavy swells and softened cadences of the famous song.

But the singer was not thinking of the breathless multitude before him. He did not see the glaring lights at his feet, nor the gilded arches above and around him. He was living in a scene of other days. The silver moonlight played on a fountain far away and nearby in the shadows he stood beside a figure in white. A figure that neither moved nor spoke, yet drew him like a magnet. He saw a tangled mass of drifting black hair drawn back from a pale white face and he lived again in the thrilling ecstasy of the vision. Yet as he gazed it slowly vanished and a touch of regretful sadness filled his voice as with eyes glistening with unshed tears and head erect as if singing to the vanished dream, he drifted into the closing phrases—

O memories that bless and burn,
O barren gain and bitter loss—

There was a quality of tone there that spoke of training but it was nothing like the note of sympathy that rang through the voice,

which can come only from training in the school of life. There was something magical about its effect upon those present.

The piano struck the closing chord. The echoes died in the arches of the auditorium. Still like a statue stood the singer, his gaze fixed upon the spot it first had struck. One could have heard a pin drop anywhere in that vast hall. At last the young artist broke away from his reverie and with a bow retired. The spell was broken. Like thunder came the avalanche of applause from the waiting audience. The singer came out and bowed and the tumult rose higher. Again and again he returned and finally the applause died away in the opening strains of the orchestra postlude. "Bob" McGregor—Tenor Robosto—had scored a hit! in fact the only real hit of the evening.

But once back of the wings his face lengthened and his shoulders drooped. He walked carelessly over to the dressing-room and flung himself into a chair before a mirror. There he sat gazing listlessly at the designs on the carpet. He saw again the moonlit garden and the dark flowing mass of hair around the pale white face. Then like a dagger thrust came the stinging memories of the last day. The card game—the wine—the broken promise, and the reproachful look of bitter disappointment that greeted his arrival as he staggered through the gate into the shadows and met the eyes of the one to whom he had promised. Like a death sentence he seemed to hear the words again—"Last night I asked you to choose between me and your old life. I see you have chosen. But I don't see why you have come here."

"If I only thought I could bring it all back again just as it was long ago, I—I believe I could give it up—forever," he mused; but the voice of conscience called tauntingly, "Oh, no! Too late—too late."

A knock on the door brought him to his senses and to his feet. The crowd of "after-play congratulators" had begun to arrive, each with his tribute of advice or criticism. He threw open the door and was greeted by another storm of applause. Then followed a process of hand-shaking. His spirit gradually rose and every smiling face brought him new cheer and encouragement. Gradually the crowd thinned and he stepped briskly out and called a taxi, for he was now Mr. McGregor—tenor—instead of "Bob."

With light heart he breezed into the hotel and up the stairs thinking of the next engagement in Philadelphia and of the evening's success. At last his true qualities as a singer had been real-

ized and appreciated. He felt sure that his future was assured. He threw open the door and turned on the light. A gust of wind came through the room and with a shiver he drew his collar around his neck, and after closing the window sank into the depths of his Morris chair. Slowly his thoughts wandered back over the events of the evening and he fell into a deep-brown study.

There the midnight found him, his head in his hands and eyes closed as in sleep. Shortly before dawn he stirred and arose. The room was cold and the light blinded him. With a lazy stretch he staggered to the window. Strangely enough the first thing to enter his mind was the vivid remembrance of his vision on the previous evening. A warm glow of sympathy touched his heart and with a smile he sighed, "Poor little girl—I'd like to know where she is tonight."

He could look out from his station at the window and see the dark outlines of the great sleeping city. Over on the harbor the lights flickered and danced to and fro, for there it is never quiet and the world over there is too busy to notice and soon forgets. It was too lonely a spectacle to be anything akin to comfort and he turned away with a grunt of disapproval. Even at this late hour he was not yet weary and when he at last pulled the sheets over his head it was not to sleep, for try as he might he could not dispel that fanciful vision from his thoughts. He finally fell into a fitful slumber but all through his dreams flitted pictures of fountains and figures in white.

At ten-thirty he arose and began to get ready for breakfast. His wits were dull and his head seemed heavy. He stood for some moments gazing vaguely at a picture on the wall and then started abruptly and laughed at himself. But as he looked his laugh was silenced and a troubled frown took its place. It was a picture he had not noticed before of a Roman garden with a fountain. But somehow or other he had seen a figure standing there when he first looked that was not there now.

There was something supernatural about the persistent recurrence of that troublesome phantom and in spite of himself he was worried.

But there is a way in which human beings can get rid of worry and sorrow and it is so agreeable that many are prone to look for trouble to have an excuse for taking the cure. And this particular hotel had a buffet attached.

It was late that afternoon and the discordant babel of voices rose and fell in the bar-room. The afternoon sun streamed in through the purple glass and lit the room with a lurid light. Young McGregor sat at a table in a remote corner and laughed through his swollen blood-shot eyes at two of his old pals who had picked him up again for the purpose of making some money at a poker game. "Yessir, Bob's a-gonna be—a great man," hiccoughed one of the pair. "Here's-za missur McGregor," and he gulped down the last remnants of a glass of villainous-looking wine. A howl of approval burst from the other's lips and he too drained his glass while Bob sat sprawled out on the chair, his head resting on his chest and his eyes almost closed with stupid laughter. A call-boy entered and called for McGregor. Bob did not answer, but his cronies at once set up a howl that attracted the boy's attention. "Here's Mishur McGregor here, boy; ole frien' of ours, great singer; somethin' you got for him?"

The boy held forth an envelope. Bob raised his head sleepily and took the paper just as one of his pals reached for it. With shaking hand he tore it open. For some minutes he sat gazing stupidly at its contents and then folded it and put it into his pocket. "No anshur," he stammered, and went on with his revelry.

* * * * *

The curtain was going up at the Lohengrin theatre in Philadelphia. A young man, who three nights before had stood before the masses in New York preparatory to making his debut, stood behind the wings and waited for his cue.

Assurance throbbed in every vein and he gloried in the thought of appearing again before the public. He thought he heard the last strains of the orchestra's overture and felt in his pocket for his handkerchief. It was gone! He hurried back to the dressing room and went through the pockets of his afternoon suit. As he drew it out of the pocket, two pieces of paper fluttered to the floor. With a look of pride, he opened one and read again the closing lines—

—and be there promptly at 11:30 after your engagement at Lohengrin's. I can make it worth your while.

MANAGER LUMUS,
Great Eastern Opera Company.

"It's up to me to make good," he chuckled, "but what's this?" He unfolded the other slip of paper. It was the one he had received

at the saloon in New York. He looked at the heading curiously. It was written in a cramped feminine hand. He began to read hurriedly down the page and as he read his eyes started and his breath quickened—

Mr. McGregor.

Dear Bob: I heard you were in town but I could not come to see you. I am at St. Joseph's hospital. I would like to hear you sing once more if you can come without too much trouble. Please come quick, because I may not be here many days more.

MARGARET B.

With a choking sob he stared at the letter and read and re-read it. His eyes filled with tears and his heart beat until he could hear it thump. "And I was drunk—drunk! In the hour of my opportunity I was back at the same old game that robbed me of my first chance. I must leave tomorrow for New York."

The call-boy came to the door and announced that the curtain had gone up for his number. He crumpled the piece of paper and threw it on the floor, muttering in an undertone, "Tomorrow—tomorrow."

At the wings he paused a moment to regain his composure, trying to reconcile himself by repeating, "tomorrow." Then like a poison fang the awful fear came to him, "What did she mean by that part, 'I may not be here many days more?'" And as he walked onto the stage, a heavy shadow hung before his eyes. The audience raised a tumult of applause but he did not hear. The piano struck the opening note and waited. He did not begin. Again it struck and no response. Three times, before he started. His voice was strained and far-off. There was but one image before his eyes. It was the image of the Grim Reaper and a voice struck out of the depths of somewhere—

"I may not be here many days more."

—Each pearl a prayer to still a heart in absence wrung
I tell each bead unto the end—

Here the full meaning of the words dawned on him. He shuddered—ah!—it was too late. His voice had broken!

The next few lines were moments of misery to him that he never before imagined could have existed. The curtain fell and he stood still, staring into space. No thundering applause greeted his effort. He had failed, purely and simply—miserably failed!

With an air of desperation he stumbled back to the dressing-room. The two papers lay on the floor where he had thrown them. One of them he tore into bits and scattered on the carpet. The other he carefully folded and placed in his pocket and with eyes dry and heavy, left the theatre.

He was "there" at 11:30 but with no hope in his mind of ever seeing his man; 11:45 came, and no Mr. Lumus; 12:00, and still no man. The head waiter informed him that it was time to close and out into the street he sauntered, his hopes gone—his opportunity gone—all gone. A failure.

Late the next afternoon a weary-eyed nurse tiptoed down the hall and greeted a travel-worn visitor. A few words of quiet conversation and then a soft-whispered answer that sounded down the hall like the sombre tones of a death-knell—"No, you are too late. She passed away last night at 12:00."

Out on the steps the young man paused. It was just sunset and the last rays lit the whole atmosphere with a deep flame of purple and crimson. But he did not notice, for his eyes were looking far beyond the sunset and his mind wandered back to the scenes of other days as with trembling hands he tore a crumpled bit of paper and muttered brokenly, "Unto the end—unto the end."

* * * * *

The afternoon sun struggled faintly through the dirty purple-stained glass of the back room of a saloon down at the docks. Over in the corner sat an old man laughing through his swollen, blood-shot eyes at two villainous-looking companions. With a curse he threw down his last nickel and spun the wheel, but the two cronies, not waiting to see the play, took the money and walked out. And the old man was too far gone to protest. For some time he sat motionless. Then with his hands on his knees and his head sunken on his breast he fell into a drunken stupor.

All evening the shouts and curses of the gamblers rang about him, but still he sat unmoved. Late in the night he began to stiffen and tremble and finally he sat bolt-upright and laying his arms on the table began to sing—

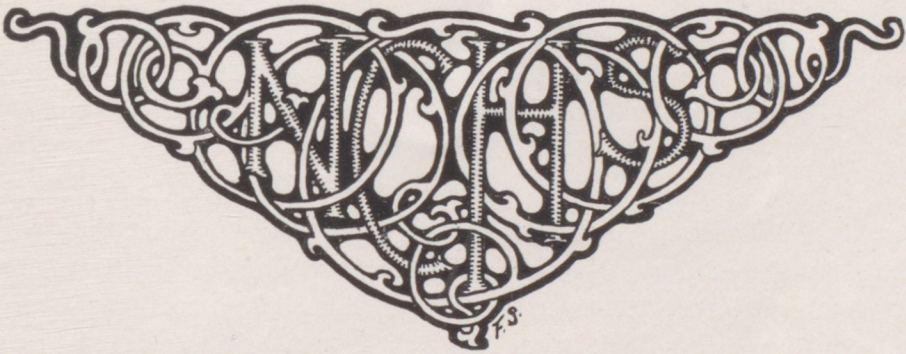
The hours I spent with thee, dear heart—

The voice was broken and coarse and the words were jumbled and stammered but on he sang in spite of the jeers and and threats of those near him. When he had finished, he sat silently staring into the darkness outside through his leering visage.

One by one the men left, but still he sat like a statue. The bar-tender shouted impatiently that it was closing time, but he paid no attention. In a rage he came out from the bar and threw the old man off the chair. He seized him by the collar and dragged him out into the street. The old fellow made a feeble attempt to resist but it was useless. With a curse the barkeeper threw him down into the gutter. His head struck the pavement with a dull thud, but he only smiled, for "Old Bob McGregor" was far away in the land of "memories that bless and burn."

A policeman found him there a few hours later and that was the last man ever knew of him. For over there it is never quiet, and there the world is too busy to notice and soon forgets.

—David Kirk, Jan. '15.



Nineteen Fourteen, A. D.

AND ALL IS WELL ?



FATHER TIME stood on the deck and called off the years. He had seen much and had taken things as they came. He had seen bad years and good years, war and peace, poverty and strife as well as luxury and abundance. "But then," he said as he viewed all, "the world is young and will learn better. Yes, it will learn better," he mused to himself. And so the years wore on, and as each disappeared he called the new one out.

"Ah, here we come to a new era. The twentieth century. I predict a prosperous and educated universe. In fact, I think we shall see a world where education has reached the top-notch for some time to come. Art will reach high. Literature will rise. Science, Architecture, Philosophy, and above all Christianity will develop wonderfully. And so I think I shall begin this new era by saying, 'Nineteen hundred and all is well!'"

And so the years passed and as Father Time called them, "Nineteen twelve"—"nineteen thirteen"—"nineteen fourteen." "Hm—what is this I see rising in the distance?" And Father Time opened his eyes wide and looked more closely. "Indeed! Can it be so? It is war!" And he was right. It was war.

"Look at them waging war as if they were barbarians! Look at them kill each other! And why? The fools! As if they will gain by the killing. Humph! Much they will gain by destroying their Architecture, Science, Literature, Philosophy, and even Christianity. And it's their own that for so many hundreds of years they have been building to perfection.

"Militarism, look! You are destroying all! Shame! Shame, that you should still have the blood of barbarism in you! Shame!" Father Time looked again and reflected. "I confess, I have so far predicted wrongly," he said, slowly. "But they are the losers, not I.

"And," he said as he scratched his head, "how am I to call this year off?"

—Ben Kailen.

Truth or Fiction?



IF, AS a reader of current fiction, you were asked to name a few really good, interesting books, the authors of which are living today, would you be able to do so? If so, would you include in your list the excellent nature stories by Ernest Thompson Seton and John Muir, and the studies in natural science by Enos A. Mills and John Burroughs? The probability is that you would not, but why not?

The real reason for the omission lies in the fact that most people are either ignorant of the existence of these writers and their productions, or that they have simply neglected to read any of these stories. Then, too, they have heard that these authors are scientists and the letters of that word spell anything but writers of good interesting short stories to the average American reader. The importance of reading such stories has not been sufficiently emphasized. Our public schools do not require or even permit them to be studied as a part of the regular English courses.

As the cry in the present time is "Back to Nature," whether we agree with the popular arguments or not, we should at least become acquainted to some extent with nature and what she has to offer; and because in our crowded cities we have little or no opportunity to discover for ourselves the beauties of country life, we must gain the greater part of our knowledge along these lines, if indeed we obtain any, from reading books on the general subject of out-of-door life. Nowhere will you find the subject more interestingly discussed than in the writings of the authors just mentioned.

It is true that they are scientists; yet they study, not the abstract heavy sciences which have no vital interest to men, but the animals, the flowers, and the really interesting phases of country life. The stories are by no means arguments for a return to the simple life but are interesting primarily just for themselves; and through the story we are able to see the value of the life described. The only ways in which we can tell in his works that Mr. Seton, for instance, is a scientist is the clear, logical manner in which he arranges his material, and his wonderful way of sticking to the truth. But more than this, his style is so simple and direct that

a mere child of eight years can read and enjoy his animal stories.

Mr. Seton, who originated the Boy Scout Movement in America, has given a great part of his life to the study of boys and also to the study of the life habits of the wild animals, so his works are always very interesting to boys of any age. In the volume of short stories gathered together under the general head of "Wild Animals I Have Known," may be found the delightful story of the rabbit Raggybugs, and his little mother Molly Cottontail. By no means consider that you have read all the interesting stories in your library until you have become acquainted with these little stories of wild animal life. You will no doubt be a wiser person when you have learned the lessons that Molly has to teach her obedient son, Raggybugs; and your difficulties will be the more cheerfully dealt with when you think of the valiant death of poor little Molly Cottontail. There are many other interesting stories in this book among which "Bingo, My Dog," and "The Pacing Mustang" are two of the best.

"Monarch, the Bear" is another book by the same author, and is well worth reading, if only for its rich humor. In it as in his other works, there are many full page illustrations and sketches made by Mr. Seton, which add greatly to the attractive qualities of the books. Mr. Seton contributes to the magazines also, and he always leaves the reader some fresh, wholesome, new, and invigorating thought to take away with him.

In the little story, "Stickeen," Mr. Muir has given us the picture of a dog's sharp decisive struggle in the wind-swept crevasses of Alaska. The interest lies, of course, in the wee black doggie's heroic efforts and final success in crossing one of the wide crevasses in the northern mountains, in the face of a terrific storm. The story is short, and it takes only about an hour to read it thoroughly. This is really as interesting as any modern love story one can pick up anywhere. The vivid, accurate description makes the story very readable, and for your leisure hours this little tale is just the thing to make the time pass enjoyably. Mr. Muir contributes many essays to the better magazines of the present time.

John Burroughs, the great naturalist, has perhaps a more delightful style than any of his contemporaries yet mentioned. In "Riverby," in "Signs and Seasons," and in his numerous essays in the magazines, he discusses philosophical problems, flowers of the field, and wild and domestic animals. He is an old man now, rich in experiences, and his works show what wonderful knowledge of

his fellowmen he possesses. In the little book "Riverby" there are many chapters in which nature is discussed in a simple easy fashion, yet expressive of great truths, some of which other men have discovered and some that he has worked out for himself.

Enos A. Mills, who, for more than twenty years, has lived among our western mountains as a student and lover of nature, has given us some of the most delightful pictures we possess of the plant and animal life in the Rockies. His two volumes of short stories, "Wild Life in the Rockies," and "The Spell of the Rockies," show a peculiar charm and natural simplicity of style, which make his stories very interesting. The story of "Faithful Scotch" is the account of a dog's obedience and of his faithful service to his master. It would be well to read it in connection with the little story "Stickeen," as another interesting phase of a dog's character. There are many other stories in the two books and all of them are well worth reading, for they show a remarkable knowledge of nature, and a clear, logical arrangement of material which make his writings some of the most interesting of our nature stories.

So it may be seen that all these stories have nature for their general subject, and that the style in all cases is graceful, simple, and easily understood. As the growing boys and girls do most of their reading in school it would be well then for these stories to be introduced into the schools as a part of the regular English reading work.

Today you are reading something. It may be purely fiction, with little beside the story in it. It may be you are forcing yourself to read some uninteresting book for the information it contains. Between these extremes we find books containing truths so woven and well told that the truth is far more interesting than the fiction. If you have not read the books mentioned begin at once, for the human, gripping, heroic stories never grow old, and while reading them you feel the rushing of the wind in your face and are out on the plains with the racing mustang called by all the primeval voices that sent the tamed animal back to the wild.

—Margaret Adams, Jan. '15.



Second Cousin Willie



“TERRY, Terry, it’s happened!” cried Phyllis excitedly as she crossed the lawn. Terry gave a little squeal of delight.

“Has Bob said it at last? Tell me all about it,” she commanded eagerly. Phyllis blushed.

“I didn’t mean that, silly,” she exclaimed, “I mean that Second-cousin Willie is coming soon. Mother received a letter this morning.”

“O bother,” exclaimed Terry dropping her embroidery disgustedly, “I thought it was going to be something romantic and interesting.”

“You can make it romantic if you like,” returned Phyllis, “he is coming Wednesday. You and I will have the pleasure of conducting him to your uncle’s library. He thinks it may prove to be a rare old collection. Cousin Willie is a judge of such things, I believe.”

“Please don’t begin on Second-cousin Willie’s virtues again, Phil,” begged Terry, “you’ve talked me to death about him. I know he’s a paragon. He never broke windows, or played hookey or did anything else like other boys. And now I’ll warrant he wears spectacles, is near-sighted, and must have his desk carefully dusted and arranged every day.”

“One thing I forgot to tell you,” replied Phyllis non-committally, “he really likes girls. But they must be dreadfully neat. In fact I heard,” added Phil with a wicked twinkle in her eye, “that he liked one girl pretty well until he went to call on her one morning and she didn’t have her hair combed. He decided she wouldn’t do. His mother is painfully neat, you know.”

“The idea!” burst out Terry indignantly. “I suppose it was Saturday morning at that.” Phyllis laughed as she stood up to leave.

“You used to say you would like to marry an absent-minded professor whom you could boss around. Now is your chance. I’ve told him all about you, that you are as neat as a pin and all that, so of course he’ll like you.”

“Phyllis Bowers, you traitor!” gasped Terry. But a teasing laugh from the retreating figure was her only answer.

“I’ve heard of that horrid Willie ever since I can remember,”

she exclaimed swinging angrily back and forth. I'd as soon marry a—well a Hottentot—as to marry that everlasting—— I know he's a fussy old maidish thing. I'd shock him properly if he came to see me in the morning."

Suddenly the hammock came to a standstill. The girl's cheeks dimpled.

"I wish he would come now," she giggled, "it's safe to guess that he abhors breakfast caps. I suppose, too, his precise mother's ideal girl wears a fresh gingham morning dress."

Wednesday morning Terry took an unaccountable desire for fresh air. As she weeded a flower bed, she stopped now and then to look at her feet.

"This straw will be the last I expect," she said gleefully. Deciding to rest from her labors she climbed up the small ladder into the cherry tree with some difficulty, owing to the ridiculous little flat-soled bedroom slippers she wore. She had been sitting there for about five minutes when she heard a whistle.

"Oh! course it isn't he. Second-cousin Willie doesn't whistle ragtime," she assured herself comfortably. The whistle sounded nearer. From her vantage point above the high hedge Terry could see a young man approaching. He was turning in at the gate. Terry uttered a gasp of dismay. Other young men were not in her plan. There was no escape. She vainly tried to pull the short kimono sleeves down over her round white arms. The young man took some cherries, then he raised his eyes and stopped with his hand in mid-air.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly, "it's a fine day."

"Very." She was painfully conscious of her vivid red dressing sacque and cap.

"You have a fine cherry tree," he remarked.

"So it seems," she replied pointedly with raised eyebrows.

He flushed. "My name is Wilfred Denton."

She received the information with hostile coldness.

"Phyllis Bowers' cousin," he added hopefully.

Terry started. This—Willie! Where were the spectacles that she was sure he wore.

"Not Second-cousin Willie!" she faltered.

"The same," he replied with an engaging smile. "I have a note for you from Phil. She has a headache, but she asked if you would go with me to your uncle's house."

Terry was suddenly furiously angry at Phyllis, and at herself,

but especially at this self-composed, handsome young man. It was horrid of Phyllis.

"I will not," she said flatly, her cheeks crimson.

"Might I ask why?" he asked in an amused tone.

"I don't like you," she announced severely.

"Oh! come now, I like you."

"You are a prig and a—you are old maidish," she ended lamely, trying to push up dark-tangled curls under the coquettish cap.

"But you'll come with me to your uncle's?" he asked.

She shook her head perversely.

"Well, you might at least let me have a few cherries. I'm hungry," he said in an injured tone.

Terry smiled suddenly.

"Open your mouth, Second-cousin Willie," she ordered, reaching for some cherries.

"Call me Bill," he protested mildly, "only Mother calls me Willie or Will." He opened his mouth obediently. Terry could not throw better than most girls; he ate very few cherries. Terry grew friendly as she aimed the fruit at him.

"Oh," she giggled rocking back and forth, "you do look so silly standing there with your mouth open."

"I'm coming to town next winter," he observed looking a little foolish. "May I come to see you sometimes?"

She looked at him critically.

"Your face is dirty," she announced blandly.

"Come down and be friends with me," he urged.

Terry shook her head stubbornly remembering her short skirt and little silk slippers.

"May I pick one of your daisies?" he asked moving off a pace or two.

She looked at him doubtfully.

"If you listen and can tell me their secret. You know," she said nodding wisely, the coquettish red bow bobbing up and down, "the pixies make their home among my daisies and if you listen real closely sometimes you can hear them whispering to each other."

"We'll listen together some day," he proposed boldly.

She watched him out of demurely mischievous eyes as he picked a rose.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed suddenly, "that thing has thorns."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she cried, "I should have warned you. Let me get it out." She climbed down while he picked at his thumb.

"It's better now." He stood in the middle of the path between her and the house.

"So you are coming with me this afternoon?" he questioned. Anything was better than standing there in her short skirt and scarlet dressing sacque.

"Pick me a rose, too," she replied.

While he stooped to pick out a perfect blossom she sped to the house. From the porch she called back.

"Visit the pixies at one o'clock, Second-cousin Willie. They'll tell you whether I am going or not." And she disappeared.

"Jove!" exclaimed Second-cousin Willie with a grin. "She isn't exactly what Mother would call—well, neat—but—" and he went off whistling.

—Mildred Drummond.



The Redeeming Spirit



OLD DEWEY towered like a gigantic sentinel over the valley below, and loomed as a mighty God among the surrounding hills. The sun had slipped to rest; the brilliant crimson on the horizon glimmered through the tall pines that blanketed the sides of the mountain and shook their leafy heads as the evening breeze whispered and moaned among the branches. The tumbling waters of the brook hummed and murmured through the valley and between the mountains, to become lost in the great unknown beyond.

A lone fox crept slowly, cautiously from his hiding place, paused and listened, and disappeared among the shadows of the forest. The low whispering of the wind and murmuring of the brook sang a soft, sweet lullaby to the departing day, and as the crimson in the west grew dimmer, fainter, and at last faded away, the moon cast down its silvery light upon the wilderness.

Suddenly, far down the mountain trail, the steady beat of a horse's hoofs broke the silence. The rider's face showed in the moonlight, weary, sad, yet hopeful. He leaned forward and spoke to his horse and in the deep stillness, his voice seemed to echo among the trees and reverberate through the mountains. The wind ceased its moaning, the trees their nodding; the lone fox crept softly back to his hiding place. It was as if all nature had paused to watch the wanderer. Only the brook sang its endless song. Slowly the man guided his tired horse up the trail that followed the brook through the valley. Suddenly turning to the left he dismounted, and led his horse through the trees to a clearing in the center of which a dim light flickered through the window of a log cabin, and nearby under a rude shelter the man could hear the impatient stamping of horses' feet. Throwing the pack and saddle to the ground, the traveler walked up to the cabin door and knocked. Within a dog barked savagely, a chair was pushed back, and some one approached the door to open it without hesitation. The traveler paused as he looked at the beautiful face of a young woman—beauty that seemed even to surpass the grandeur of the quiet valley and the towering peaks.

"I stopped to ask for food and shelter for the night."

The girl turned questioningly toward her father.

" 'Tis a good voice, Peggy," he said. "Come in, Stranger. You are welcome to share a meal with Dave Tompkins."

The young man entered. The dog snapped at his heels with a snarl, but a sharp "Dry up, sir!" sent the dog sulking under the table.

"Sit down to the table, sir, while Peggy gets the victuals. But, Stranger, may I ask you what your name is? From your outfit, I take it you're a miner."

The stranger laughed. "My name's Jack Richards, but I don't know whether you could call me a miner or not."

The old man looked puzzled.

"You see," explained Richards, "I've been following the mines for four years, but I've had such poor luck I have begun to doubt if I am a miner. Once I struck a rich claim, but it was jumped, and the evidence was so strong against me that there was no hope of recovering it. Time and again I have had riches within my grasp, but some unseen power has always snatched them from me. I am going to try these mountains as a last chance."

"I have found that trapping pays better here than mining," said old Dave. "The creek has no gold, and the mountains—well, I wish you luck."

As Jack Richards sat eating the food prepared for him, Peggy stood looking at the young man with admiring eyes. Mose, a young trapper and neighbor of Tompkins, sat quietly in the corner of the cabin, unnoticed by the stranger. He watched Peggy closely, and seeing her deep interest in the man, scowled fiercely. Finally arising, he said, "Guess I'll be goin'." Jack turned, and for an instant his eyes met those of the trapper, and when Mose left the cabin, Richards knew that an enemy had departed.

* * * * *

Winter had passed. The sun again poured its light upon the peaceful valley. The brook welcomed the spring with happy murmurings. The fox wandered undisturbed through the forest, and Old Dewey, awakening from his long winter sleep, threw off his white covering and once more lifted proudly his majestic head.

Jack Richards paused at his work and turned to look at the valley below. He had been digging, digging, digging, but the mountains had kept hidden from him their precious gold. Yet he could not leave. Something held him to this wilderness, but what it was he did not know. The man turned once more to his work, to see

Peggy standing before him, smiling. As he looked at her a great joy seized him; he knew at last why he had stayed. The only pleasant hours he had spent had been with her. She had been the only one to encourage him, to keep him digging, digging, digging. He took her hand in his and—a twig snapped behind them, and they turned to see Mose, a sneer on his dark face. Jack, since his arrival, had seen little of the trapper, yet he felt the hatred in the man's eyes. Peggy turned and went slowly up the path. Richards resumed his work, and Mose stood silent until Peggy disappeared among the trees. Then he laughed—a cruel, bitter laugh. "Men don't ginerally come ter these mountains fer gold." Mose paused. Jack went on with his work, unheeding the other. "They come fer our wimen, and when they try ter take them, we ginerally give 'em hell." Richards' face was full of anger as he turned to reply, but Mose had disappeared.

Peggy was returning from Jack's camp, where she had found him working with a new determination, a determination to wrest from the mountains that which they were holding from him. With her thoughts thus occupied she was startled when Mose stepped quietly from among the trees and stood beside her. Peggy started to go on but Mose halted her.

"Well, yuh been down ter see him, have yuh?"

Peggy was defiant. "I have, if you wish to know."

Mose's face clouded. "Yuh weren't made fer no furriner like him. Yuh were made fer me, an' I'm goin' ter have yuh."

Saying this the trapper taking the girl in his arms before she could realize his purpose, kissed her. Peggy struck him with all her strength, and half blinded by angry tears, fled down the path. Mose again reached the side of the girl, but had scarcely touched her when he was seized from behind and thrown violently to the ground. He arose to face the muzzle of Jack Richards' revolver. Mose looked once at Jack's cool face and determined eyes, then went stumbling and cursing up the mountain.

* * * *

Evening was falling. Still Jack Richards worked on, worked as he had worked for months before, and with the same result. Yet he was not discouraged, for something he had found in this great wilderness would not let him stop, but urged him on, on, on. The pick, at every stroke, was driven deeper into the earth by the miner's strong arms. Richards loosened a huge stone that went

crashing, tumbling down the mountain-side,—and there, where it had rested, lay glittering gold! The man staggered back and fell on his knees with a prayer of thanksgiving. The mountain had at last yielded up its secret.

Up on the mountain, securely hidden among the bushes, Mose lay watching with evil eyes the miner as he worked. His heart was filled with hate, and as he watched, he cursed, and fiercely clenched the handle of his revolver. He saw the rock go tumbling and he saw the gold.

“He’s got the gold. Now he’ll leave the mountains, and—and—Peggy.”

Mose rose; he trembled as he slowly raised the revolver, pulled back the trigger, and laughed softly as he pointed the weapon carefully, steadily at the kneeling man. A shot rang out and echoed among the hills. Mose, with a terrible oath, pitched forward. As Richards arose, startled by the shot; he saw Peggy standing and looking down at the body of the dead trapper, a revolver in her hand.

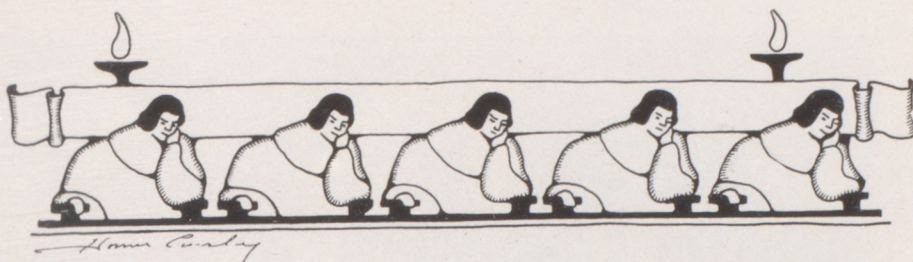
“He tried to get you,” she said, as Jack approached. “I followed and—and got him.”

Darkness had fallen. Old Dewey towered prouder and more majestic. The rushing waters of the brook sparkled in the moonlight, and sang a sweeter, softer melody, while the tall pines nodded, nodded, nodded in the evening breeze. Among the waving pines, Peggy and Jack stood beside the lifeless form of the trapper and looked silently, reverently down upon the valley, which lay so peaceful, so beautiful below them. Filled with a flood of happiness Jack gathered Peggy close to his breast. Slowly her arms went around his neck; her lips were on his, and in the depths of her blue eyes Richards saw the love, the great redeeming spirit, that had kept him digging, digging, digging.

—John W. Koontz, June '15.







SENIOR DEPARTMENT





L.W. SAWTELLE
CLASS DIRECTOR



ALICE M. BECHTEL
GIRLS DIRECTOR





**EDITH WINIFRED
SANDERS**

"There was speech in her si-
lence."
Manual Arts Course.
Social Committee.

**DANIEL HEIM
McKINNEY**

"From the crown of his head,
to the sole of his foot, he
is all mirth."
Scientific Course.
Senior B Entertainment.
Memorial Committee.

LULA EMMA WILLIAMS

"Where the streame runneth
smoothest, the water is
deepest."
Classical Course.
Entered from Cheney, Wash.,
February 5, 1912.
Senior B Entertainment.
Senior Social Committee.

**CARL SIGFRED
CHILMAN**

"God made him, and therefore
let him pass for a man."
Manual Arts Course.
Tamarack Committee.
Senior B Entertainment.
Ring and Pin Committee.

MARGUERITE LOUISE
GROTHE

"She is of a very melancholy
disposition."
Manual Arts Course.
Senior Social Committee.

REX W. ANDERSON

"A man that blushes is not quite
a brute."
General Course.
Track '13, '14.
Basket Ball, Second Team, '12,
'13.
Athletic Board, '14.
Class Basket Ball Captain, '14.

EMMA LOIS LIBBY

"Yet beauty, though injurious,
hath strange power."
Manual Arts Course.
Tamarack Committee.
Class Play.
Tennis Club.
Senior B Entertainment.

WYMAN BARKER

"A little learning is a danger-
ous thing."
General Course.
Class Basket Ball, '12, '13, '14.
Tennis Doubles Champion.
President Tennis Club.





HELEN CROCKETT

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."
General Course.
Class Play.
Tamarack Committee.
Library Board, '14.

CARL E. WALLACE

"The world's a theatre, the
earth a stage,
Which God and Nature do with
actors fill."
General Course.
"Der Neffe Als Onkel,"
Football.
Deltas.
Germanistische Gesellschaft.
Senior A Yell Leader.
Class Play.
Class Will Committee.

GENEVIEVE EVELYN STEELE

"Begone, dull care! Thou and
I shall never agree."
Manual Arts Course.
Girls' Literary Society.
Junior A Social Committee.
Class Play.

W. MERRITT PENROSE

"I am not in the roll of com-
mon men."
General Course.
Deltas.
Wendell Phillips Club.
Business Manager Class Play.
Class Play.
Chairman Picture Committee.
Inter-class Debates, '13.
Class Treasurer, '13.
Class Secretary, '13.
Asst. Adv. Mgr. Tamarack, '13.
Adv. Mgr. Tamarack, '14.
Business Manager Tamarack,
'14.

MARY M. ENDRES

"She hath a way to choose des-
pair,
To heal all grief, to cure all
care."

Manual Arts Course.
Senior B Play.
Sergeant-at-Arms, '14.
Ring Committee, '13.
Vice-President of Class, '13.
Represented North Central at
Washington Agricultural
Contest, '13.
Alumni Editor Tamarack, '14.
Wendell Phillips Club.
Chairman Class Prophecy Com-
mittee.
Class Orator.
Basket Ball, '11.
Alumni Vaudeville Play.
Dance of the Nations.

HERBERT ALLEN PEFLEY

"A man that hath a mint of
phrases in is brains."

Scientific Course.
Wranglers.
Senior Class Play.
Tamarack Committee.
Inter-class Debates, '14.
Tamarack Reporter, '14.
German Society.
"Der Neffe Als Onkel."
"King Hal."

HORTENSE ELSIE WILBURN

"How sweet and fair she seems
to be."

General Course.
Class Play.
Social Committee.

HAVEN EMERSON LUSIAN

"Men of few words are the best
men."

Scientific Course.
Engineering Society.
Pow-Wow, '12.
Senior B Entertainment.
Announcement Committee.





MARY MARGARET
ADAMS

"So sweet the blush of bashful-
ness,
E'en pity scarce would wish it
less."
General Course.
Senior B Entertainment.
History Committee.
Entered from Quincy, Wn., Sept.
5, 1912.

EVERETT CULLEN
WHITCOMB

"Let every man mind his own
business."
Commercial Course.
Senior A Basket-ball Team.
Class Play.
Social Committee.

AMANDA AGNES
SMITH

"In study I find my recrea-
tion."
Manual Arts Course.
Honor Roll.
Memorial Committee.
Senior B Entertainment.

LUDWIG THEODORE
RUEHL

"Mind is the great leveler of
all things."
Scientific Course.
German Society.
Orchestra, '12, '13, '14.
Senior Social Committee.

ELLA MARIE MARTIN

"Exhausting thought,
And having wisdom with each
studious year."
Classical Course.
Scholastic Board.
Dance of the Nations.
Senior B Entertainment.
Tamarack Reporter, '14.
Class History Committee.

LOREN E. JACKSON

"Neglects the rules each verbal
critic lays."
Manual Arts Course.
Tamarack Photographer, '14.
Engineering Society.
Chairman Memorial Committee.

LOUISE JUANITA
NATHER

"Patience, thou young and rose-
lipped cherubim."
Manual Arts Course.
Senior B Entertainment.
Memorial Committee.
Class Motto Committee.

CLARE S. KING

"Oh, what may man within him
hide,
Though angel on the outward
side!"
General Course.
Deltas.
Class Play Committee.





DONALD J. STEWART

"With charity for all mankind,
he bears no malice or ill-
will to any human being."

General Course.
President of Class '12.
Junior B Yell Leader.
Mathematics Club.
Debating Society.
Wranglers.
Deltas.
Adv. Manager "Prince of
Como."
Masque, President, '14.
Student Library Board, Presi-
dent, '14.
Chairman Tamarack Committee.
Tamarack Artist, '13.
Art Editor, Tamarack, '14.
Editor-in-Chief Tamarack, '14.
Adv. Mgr. Class Play.
Class Play.

LENA A. WILSON

"They're only truly great who
are truly good."

General Course.
Class Treasurer, '12.
Class Reporter, '14.
Class Secretary, '14.
Vice President of Class, '14.
Masque Vice President, '14.
"Butterflies."
Commencement Orator.
Literary Editor Tamarack, '14.
First on Honor Roll.
Scholastic Board, '14.
History Committee.

LLOYD HENRY FOLGER

"I am monarch of all I survey—
My right there is none to dis-
pute."

General Course.
Deltas Junior Grandmaster, '14.
Masque.
Engineering Society.
Wendell Phillips Club.
"Prince of Como."
Senior A President.
Commencement Orator.

HAZEL LOUISE REED

"Hang Sorrow! Care will kill
a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

Manual Arts Course.
Class Orator.
Senior Class Play.
Class Play Committee.
Secretary of Class in Senior
Year.
Masque.
"Prince of Como."
Treasurer of Class, '13.

MARTIN DWYER JOHNSON

"He was very precise in promise—keeping."

General Course.

Wendell Phillips Club President, '14.

Deltas

Honor Roll

Commencement Orator.

Circulation Manager Tamarack, '14.

State Debate Team, '14.

Class Debate Team, '14.

Scholastic Board, '14.

Chairman History Committee.

Picture Committee.

Motto Committee.

Class Play.

Mathematics Club.

Chairman Executive Committee, '13.

HELENE HORTENSE HARE

"Happy am I; from care I'm free;

Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Manual Arts Course.

Society Editor of Tamarack, '13.

"Bul Bul."

"King Hal."

Glee Club.

Senior B Entertainment.

Picture Committee.

Chairman of Social Committee.

DAVID LEE KIRK

"Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength;

But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."

Scientific Course.

Second "Strong Man," '13, '14.

State Champion Debate Team.

Debating Team, '14, '15.

Senior A Treasurer.

Junior A President.

Commencement Orator.

Senior B Play.

"Die Meisterschaft," '12.

Bus. & Adv. Mgr. "Neffe als Onkel."

"Prince of Como," '14.

"Sylvia," '12.

"Bul Bul," '13.

"King Hal," '14.

Masque.

Wendell Phillips Club.

Deltas.

President German Club, '13.

Music Editor Tamarack, '14.

President Glee Club, '14.

Chairman Will Committee.

Class Play.

MILDRED GRACE WITHERS

"I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it."

Manual Arts Course.

Joke Editor Tamarack, '14.

Chairman Class Play Committee.

Class Play.





**ESTA LEOTA
DAVIDSON**

"Nothing so much worth as a
mind well instructed."
General Course.
Honor Roll.
Class Motto Committee.
Announcement Committee.
Prophecy Committee.

HENRY LEE COONRAD

"Here honor finds me, and I
wish to satisfy it."
General Course.
Honor Roll.
Senior B Entertainment.
German Society.
Mathematics Club.
Social Committee.

**GEORGE ROY
JOHNSON**

"A proper man, as one shall see
in a summer's day."
Scientific Course.
Class Football, '14.
Class Basket Ball, '14.
Ring and Pin Committee.
Will Committee.
Senior B Entertainment.
Class Play.

**ESTHER LA BAU
KENWARD**

"Those about her
From her shall read the perfect
ways of honor."
General Course.
Entered from Holy Names Acad-
emy, Sept., 1914.
Class Memorial Committee.

MAY GRANT

"And all astir looked kind on
her
And called her good as fair."
Manual Arts Course.
Entered from C. S. N. S., Che-
ney, as Soph. B.
Senior B entertainment.
Nurse of winning baby at
County Fair.
Class Prophecy Committee.

CARL AUGUST STAHLBERG

"O, heaven! Were man but
constant,
He were perfect."
Manual Arts Course.
Engineering Society, Vice Pres-
ident, '14.
"King Hal."
Senior Class Play.
Senior B Entertainment.
Announcement Committee.

LUCILE EUGENIA TARBET

"As merry as the day is long."
Manual Arts Course.
Tennis Club.
Senior B Entertainment.
Senior Social Committee.

WILL JAMES DWYER

"Of manners gentle, of affec-
tion mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a
child."
Commercial Course.
Commercial Club.
Engineering Society.
Class Prophecy Committee.
Class Football, '14.
Baseball, '13.





**DONALD DAVIDSON
FOSTER**

"My mind to me a kingdom is."
General Course.
Class Basket Ball.
Senior B Entertainment.
Class Memorial Committee.

**VIVIAN VENICE
BRADLEY**

"There's no art
To find the mind's construction
in the face."
Manual Arts Course.
Senior B Entertainment.
Senior Social Committee.

**RAYMOND KELLER
BEVIER**

"Then he would talk—good
gods! how he would talk!"
General Course.
Organized First Orchestra, 1908.
Inter-class Debates, '14.
School Quartet, '12.
Orchestra.
Opera, '13, '14.
Engineering Society.

**ESTHER LYDA
JOHNSON**

"She looks upon them with a
threatening eye."
Scientific Course.
Vox Puellarum.
Memorial Committee.
Senior B Entertainment.

NELLIE ESSIE GRAY

"With foolish pride my heart
was never filled,
Nor the vain itch to admire or
be admired."

Commercial Course.
Senior B Entertainment.
Class Prophecy Committee.

CLARK UPTON

"Shall I like a hermit dwell
On a rock, or in a cell?"
Scientific Course.
Senior B Entertainment.
Senior Football Team.
History Committee.

CHRISTINE ELIZABETH HAHNER

"Many a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works be-
neath."

General Course.
Entered from Rockford, Wash.
Girls Debating Society.
Dance of the Nations.
Senior B Entertainment.
Senior Social Committee.

DUKE MARTIN ARMFIELD

"Modesty becomes a young
man."

General Course.
Memorial Committee.
Senior B Entertainment.





WAVE ANGELL

"Nameless graces which no
methods teach."
Commercial Course.
Senior Social Committee.

JOSEPHINE RHODES

"Where'er I give, I give my
best."
Manual Arts Course.
On Musical Program, Open
House, '13.
Senior B Entertainment.
Class Social Committee.

JAN.

'15



ORATORS

Class Will



THE CLASS of Jan. '15 passes away on the evening of January 27, when Dr. Hargreaves issues the death certificate. As the class showed at no time any indications of being dead, no provisions were made for a will. Consequently there has been much controversy over the apportionment of the accumulated resources and properties of the class.

For some unknown reason Raymond Bevier has decided to leave with a graduating class after having hung on some half a decade over time. It has been suggested that his reputation as a relic be left to the statue of "Horatius at the Pump" in the Lewis and Clark Museum to give that piece of art the needed atmosphere of grandeur and antiquity. Bevier will be remembered here by the Tamarack Publishing Company, who reserve the right to publish the ancient Bevier haircut joke. Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Bonser are contending for the use of the famous Bevier Yodel, but it has been stated by authorities that it is not suitable for a light-complexioned person, so it will be left to reverberate through the stately halls of North Central in future years like the croonings of Ichabod Crane in Sleepy Hollow.

Genevieve Steele, famed throughout the Northwest for her dancing ability, has taken all said ability along to the next world with her to use in the inauguration of a new dance called the "Sulphur Spring."

Duke Armfield has also taken with him his cold, chilly personality for purposes of temperature regulation in the hereafter.

Helene Hare's peerless alto voice will probably be used in the future to quiet troublesome Freshies the seventh period.

There has been no trouble over who shall have the knowledge left by the class, for two reasons:

1. The class didn't have any knowledge to leave.
2. Morton Margolyes is at present supplying all the brains and wisdom essential to the welfare of the school.

The German army has been inquiring about securing the exclusive use of the dread Bechtel-Sawtelle combination for use in enforcing discipline among unruly soldiers.

The second-hand gum under the seats in the auditorium will be left for the use of Sig Blum in getting his jaw relaxed for use when

he makes speeches in convocation on such words as "elaboracy," etc.

To Mr. Coleman as debate coach goes the honor of settling the question propounded to the class by Lloyd Folger, the politician, and which remains yet unsettled—Resolved, That all football games and track meets should be placed on a competitive basis.

Herbert Pefley expressed as his last wish that Mr. Kennedy take up the proof of his great temperature theory over which he spent so much of his life. It is as follows: The temperature of a body rises inversely as it falls, all heat units being limited to twelve to the dozen.

Mr. Rice wants the use of Carl Stahlberg's vocabulary for orchestra and band practice. He has picked out the two strongest words, but they are too profane for one of Mr. Rice's delicate temperament to use. The words are "Fudge!" and "Hang it!"

Mr. Hargreaves will be left one thing by the class and that is the kind assistance of one Harry Mountain, a sunny-haired lad of some twelve or thirteen summers. This lad would have taken over the complete management of the school but has too much else to do. At a conference with Mr. Hargreaves it was further decided that the latter would tend to the overseeing of affairs here. We are undecided as to Mountain's motive for consenting to run the school. Some say it is on account of the band uniform he wore last year, and some claim it is because of sickness when young.

To the girls who find it necessary to get a chemistry credit by bluffing the class has left Mr. Kreider.

All the soft sentiment and mushy emotion that was left by the class goes to Merton Jesseph's lady-friends to help them understand his effusive nature.

All the good will and best wishes of the class go to the faculty and students of the North Central from now on indefinitely, and to the teachers who have spent so much time and worry over the class members while they were here goes all the gratitude of those members both now and hereafter.

Signed: DAVID KIRK,
CARL WALLACE,
ROY JOHNSON.

“All the Comforts of Home”

The Senior Class of January '15 certainly maintained the standard set by previous dramatic enterprises here in the production of the four-act comedy, “All the Comforts of Home,” on the night of January 15th in the high school auditorium. The distinctively appealing feature of the play was the fact that it was a comedy and yet was not light or simple farce-comedy.

It is everywhere recognized that in order to produce a heavy drama or a tragedy that the actors are not the only essentials. Every bit as important as the acting is the music and the stage effects. For this reason this latter type of play has not proven successful on the high-school stage. For while we have the talent to produce a highly creditable line of tragedy and have the orchestra that can play the music, we do not have the proper stage equipment to give the desired finishing touch such as lighting effects and complex scenic constructions. Hence the comedy has been resorted to, as a rule, as the proper type of play especially for an audience of high-school pupils. Here, by the production of heavy comedy, use can be made of the actor's ability and of the music, without demanding the stage-setting. Facial expression and stage-presence are even more essential to the good comedy than to the tragedy and lively music that will make an audience feel like laughing is just as hard to play as that of a sadder strain.

From start to finish the play was side-splitting. Not a minute was allowed to go by without a laugh.

Carl Wallace, as Alfred Hastings, was a decided hit. He not only made a fine appearance but showed exceptional ability in his interpretation of the humor of the many complex situations.

Helen Crockett, playing the opposite lead, was a general favorite. Her acting showed careful preparation and accompanied by a natural stage presence won the hearty applause of the audience.

Herbert Pefley, in the part of Tom, was a comedy all in himself. The street-loafer dialect that he used would have done credit to a son of the Bowery.

David Kirk, as Bender, acted as though he was used to harsh treatment, taking all the abuse of his shrewish wife in a way that spoke of long experience or else of great imitating ability. The comparative sizes of himself and his wife served to accentuate the obvious violence of the latter's temper.



ETHEL V. ROGERS
DRAMATIC COACH

Mary Endres, as Mrs. Bender, was as good a comedy character as has been seen here. Her vixen-like actions and heartless treatment of poor Mr. Bender won the sympathy of the audience for the latter as well as gave them considerable insight into "home" life.

Don Stewart, as the jealous Mr. Pettibone, had the audience worrying, as well as his wife, when he started his envious raving over his "false" wife. The part required considerable ability as an actor and Don certainly "delivered the goods."

Elsie Wilburn, as Mrs. Pettibone, brought out all that was in the part. She certainly looked the part to perfection.

Hazel Reed, as Emily, won the hearts of the entire audience by her dainty appearance and catchy way of acting. She was all of what they call "cute".

Lee Coonrad, as the "nervous galoot," Dabney, had one of the hardest parts in the play and did it in a faultless style. "He was good."

Merritt Penrose, as the dude, Langhorne, got away with his end of the program in veritable professional style. His English drawling dialect would make "Nestor swear the jest were laughable."

Genevieve Steele, taking the part of Fifi, the actress, showed exceptional ability in portraying the light, frivolous character of such.

Roy Johnson and Martin Johnson, although not related, showed a great deal of similarity in their actions as business men in the parts of McSnath and Thompson, the former being as heartless with Bender in the last act as the latter was with Langhorne in the first.

Everett Whitcomb, in the part of the bailiff as well as in that of the "voice upstairs," carried his part very well. He also had a good command of the "roughneck" dialect.

Emma Libby, as Gretchen, and Mildred Withers, as Katy, both made a fine appearance and were well liked by the audience as a result.





"ALL THE COMFORTS
OF HOME"

The Class of January, 1915

1911—

February 1—Entrance to North Central of the Class of Jan. '15.

1912—

April 1—High Schools separate.

September 13—Class organized. President, Donald Stewart.

October 9—Constitution adopted. Royal purple and silver gray adopted as class colors.

December 21—Sophomore party.

1913—

January 21—Sleighride.

February 12—Election of Junior B officers. President, Aza Brawley.

April 23—Selection of class emblem.

June 8—June '14 and Jan. '15 classes picnic at Liberty Lake.

September 16—Election of Junior A officers. Pres., David Kirk.

December 19—Kid party in Gym.

1914—

February 2—Senior B officers elected. President, Ira Ketcham.

March 10—Election Library Board members. Donald Stewart and Helen Crockett.

April 3—Senior B Entertainment. Election Scholarship Board members by school. Martin Johnson and Ella Marie Martin.

May 9—Prize baby at Alumni County Fair.

May 20—Championship of school in debating. Herbert Pefley, Martin D. Johnson, and Raymond Bevier.

May 29—Hosts to June '14 Class at Liberty Lake.

September 17—Election of Senior A officers. Pres., Lloyd Folger.

1915—

January 9—Guests of Class of June '15 at banquet.

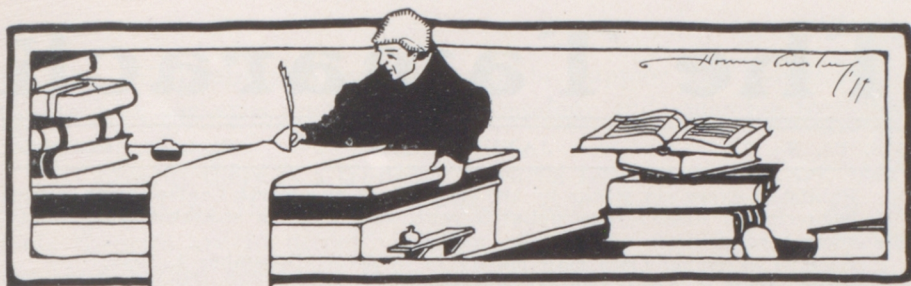
January 15—Senior Class Play. "All the Comforts of Home."

January 24—Baccalaureate services.

January 27—Class Day program.

January 27—Graduation exercises.

January 27—North Central societies lose many of their best members, the Class of January '15 has graduated.



The Staff

The Tamarack

Vol. VI, No. 3

JANUARY, 1912

Spokane, Washington

Published every six weeks by the students of the North Central High School.
Subscription Rates: One dollar a year, fifty cents a semester, and twenty-five cents a copy.

Entered as second-class mail matter in Spokane, December 1, 1912.
Office, Room 9, North Central Building.

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THE purpose of a school curriculum is to afford an opportunity for the student to gain a broad and well-rounded education, then that curriculum which fails to recognize Fine Arts as one of the essential subjects, is incomplete.

In relation to our lives Art has a decided and direct influence. On every hand we see glaring and inexcusable violations of the most fundamental principles of art and nature; gaudy, ill-fitting, and unnatural clothing, poor perspective, crudely drawn figures, spaces out of proportion, unbalanced composition and design, and unbearable combinations of colors. And yet the majority of people go on day after day admiring these things, but failing to see the natural and more beautiful in life. Why? Because they have not been taught or have not learned to understand and appraise the laws which govern good art. Having accomplished this the possessor will be able to get a greater and better meaning out of life,

for who will doubt that our lives will be happier and brighter for having had our eyes opened to the grandeur and splendor that lies about us.

At present there is a tendency towards freakishness in Art, such as advocated by the cubists, futurists, and impressionists. All of their theories are in direct violation of all the established laws of Art, and before accepting these fads one should consider seriously whether or not he wishes to be confronted with their weird and fantastic imitations of art for the rest of his life.

Then, as before stated, the school curriculum is incomplete which does not admit of the study of Fine Arts. Judging from the scope of work undertaken, the advantages offered, and the results obtained it must be conceded that the Fine Arts Department of the North Central High School ranks among the best of its kind.

The class of work taken up ranges from the simplest principles, such as perspective and elementary design, to the more advanced subjects of picture composition, drawing from life, and historic ornament. In the advanced special classes, still life in wash, water color, and charcoal, historic ornament, picture and design composition, outdoor sketches in wash, water color, charcoal, crayon, pencil, and pen and ink, are among the things that have been successfully undertaken. In fact the results that have been obtained in many cases would rival the work accomplished by many art schools. One instance will serve to show the class of work obtained. At the recent open house held in the school the question was repeatedly asked of the instructor if the drawings exhibited were copies of originals. The questioners were very much surprised when told that the drawings were original, and seemed to doubt the honesty of the instructor.

It is self-evident, then, that the training offered in this department is far above the average; and for the benefit of any mind that may still be in doubt, let it be said that the students who have received training in this department, and have gone to the best art schools of the country have stood at the head of their classes and have advanced so rapidly that in one case the student completed the usual two-years' work in one.

What Should the Future Hold?

What should the future hold in store for the students of the North Central High School? A definite answer would be impossible. No two will fare alike, no two will ever reach the same destination in life; some will push to the highest eminence; others may never rise above the more common walks; a few may live to see over four-score years of service; many, yes, we know not how many,

may soon pass on, leaving only a record of efficient preparation. It would be impracticable to attempt to place before the members of a school such as ours a complete set of rules by which all might safely be guided. Yet each should hold some ideal, above all else, around which to shape his future.

Honesty should be the noblest and most sacred ideal to be held continually before every young mind. It embodies all that is Godly and all that is of high moral character. The most highly honored men and women of the world today are those who have a deep sense of veracity and honor. Honesty is the protective agency in the every-day matters of life. It is our safeguard against lawlessness, our assurance of faithful and efficient service from the highest in our land, for it is through honesty alone that they have attained the eminence they now hold. What better examples are there to follow than those our foremost men and women have set before us?

Now is the time for preparation, and we, as North Central undergraduates, have a chance to make good, which, if founded on the right ideal, will help in the near future, to more fully enlighten the nation in which we live.

—G. Wesley Safford, Jan. '17.

When a man has lived in a community for several years and has formed a close companionship with his fellow men in that locality, when he has held a position of public trust that reflects honor upon him and his community; and then when it becomes necessary for him to leave that community, his departure is accompanied by a feeling of deep regret.

And so on behalf of the student body, the Tamarack wishes to express its deepest regrets, in seeing ex-Mayor Hindley depart. And yet it can not altogether be called regret, for mingled with it is a wish for the future prosperity of so loyal a friend of the North Central High School.





DONALD J.
STEWART
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



W. MERRITT
PENROSE
BUSINESS MANAGER



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Mildred Withers, Jokes

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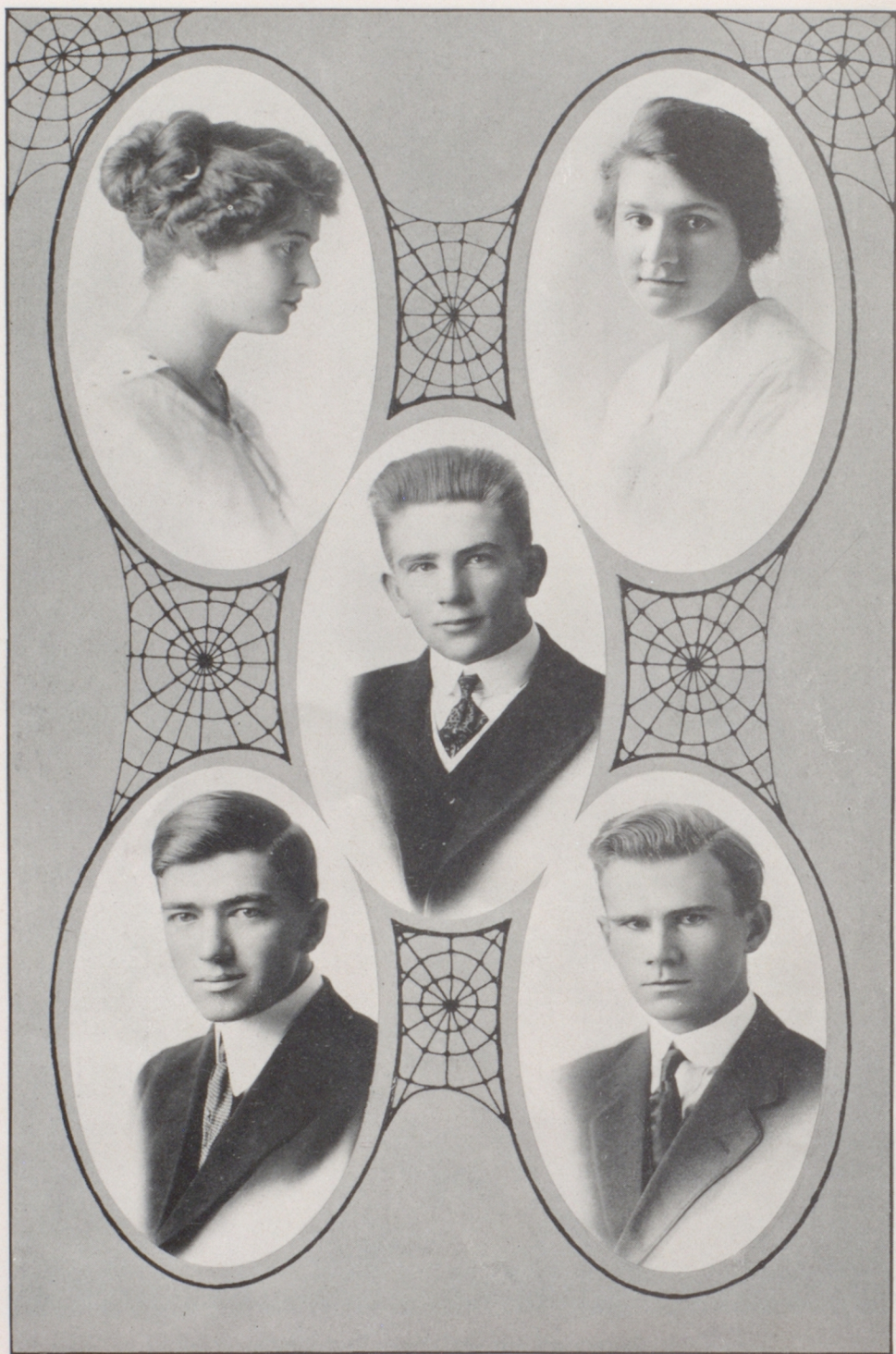
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Ruth Corwin, Alumni



Winnifred Bagley, Artist

Freda Storm, Artist

Ed Quigley, Artist

Loren Jackson, Photographer

Homer Ansley, Chief Artist

Exchanges

The Clarion, Salem, Oregon—A fine little magazine in many respects. The story "Alana Loa" is odd but interesting. The poem entitled "War" is well written and worthy of praise. We are sure you must be aware of the fact that more cartoons would add to the variety of your paper. Your jokes are original.

The Rutherfordian, Rutherford, New Jersey—You have some splendid poetry in your Literary Department. The heading to your Class Notes is quite novel. Additional cuts would be an improvement.

The Easterner, Washington, D. C.—Yours is a well-edited magazine with a very interesting humor department. The cover design is very attractive. It would make your magazine much neater if you would keep the advertisements separate from the other departments.

"The Orderly"—You are to be congratulated on the poem "Give Thanks." It is especially good. One rarely finds such a long poem in a school magazine. Your Class Notes are arranged in an attractive manner, and we hope your Freshman Class spirit will be in evidence in the next issue. The jokes are splendid and the poem "Dances" is especially humorous.

Optimist, Bloomington, Indiana—It would be an improvement and also more convenient for the readers of your paper if you would have a table of contents. Why do you not have an Alumni Department?

The Tattler, Shreveport, Louisiana—Your November issue is exceedingly good. The story entitled "A Chauffeur in King Arthur's Court" is extremely clever and interesting. It certainly contrasts well the customs of King Arthur's time with those of the present day. It also contains some good description.

The Tattler, Milwaukee, Wisconsin—A magazine complete in all department, but lacking in long stories. Yours is one of the few to whom we do not have to say "Add a few more cuts." Your cuts are extremely clever, especially the ones on "Dreaming," illustrating the dreams of the students of each class and what the real thing is. Enliven your paper by putting in a few more jokes.

The Totem, Lincoln High School, Seattle, Washington—The arrangement of your paper might be improved. We notice that you have an Exchange Editor on your staff, but we are unable to find an Exchange Department. What is the reason for its omission? It would be a great help to the Exchange Editors, if there were a table of contents.

The Lewis and Clark Journal, Spokane, Wash.—Your December number is very good, the only criticism that we have to offer is that you uphold a higher standard of art in the illustrations for your stories.

* * * *

AS OTHERS SEE US

We have absolutely no adverse criticism for you this time, for the "Tamarack" has proven to be one of our best exchanges. Arranged in an orderly manner, written in an interesting fashion, and adorned with many fine cuts, the paper gives us a splendid view of all your school activities.—"The Cardinal," Portland, Ore.

Your December number is most enjoyable. Your magazine has an enviable size and its makeup evidences a capable and painstaking body of editors. Your stories are much better than the average. In regard to cartoons, headings, and illustrations, it is hard to see room for improvement.—"The Columbiad," Portland, Ore.

* * * *

We acknowledge the following exchanges:

Red and White, Lakeview High School, Chicago.

Omnibus, Franklin, Pennsylvania.

Prospector, Tonopah, Nevada.

Purple and Gray, Burlington, Iowa.

The Register, Omaha High School, Nebraska.

The Courtant, Bradford, Pennsylvania.

Gonzaga, Spokane, Washington.

Red and Black, Salt Lake High School, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Whims, Broadway High School, Seattle, Washington.

Cardinal, Lincoln High School, Portland, Oregon.

Columbiad, Columbia University, Portland, Oregon.

The Scroll, Washington High School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Kodak, Everett, Washington.

High School Review, Toccoa, Georgia.

The Criterion, Waupaca, Wisconsin.

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PAGE

MISSING

OVER SCHOOL



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A.H. BENEFIEL
VICE PRINCIPAL



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Carpenter, C. I.	Roddy, G.	Scantlebury, Miss Eva
Hamilton, Miss Mary E.	Frank, Miss May	Smith, M. C.
Hitchcock, Miss Carrie	Olney, Miss Pansy	

PHYSICAL DIRECTORS

Bickley, Miss Fannie	Woodward, A. C.
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MUSIC

Rice, C. Olin

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Rogers, Miss Ethel V.

BOOK CUSTODIAN

Marie Thunberg

LIBRARIAN

Fargo, Miss Lucile

FINE ARTS

Hittle, Miss Margaret	Stowell, Miss Lillian
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CURRENT EVENTS

Things of Interest in and Around the School

Perhaps few people interested in botany and plant life realize that in the North Central High School we have an herbarium which includes seven hundred species of plants scientifically named, recorded, and mounted on standard sheets. The record includes the common name, if known, the scientific name, the locality where found, the date, and the name of the collector. Each separate genus has a separate cover and record. The greater part of the collection was made by A. M. Johnson, T. A. Bonser, and Dr. A. H. Benefiel, science teachers in this school. Some specimens are exchanges with other botanists, and student members of the botany classes have played no small part in the collecting.

To Nature-lovers of Spokane the most interesting feature of the collection will be the native and introduced plants of the Spokane Valley. Although this group is not yet entirely complete, it is, however, sufficient to give the student of our flora a comprehensive idea of its nature.

The whole collection includes most of the plant species of Northeastern Washington, including the Counties of Whitman, Spokane, Stevens, and Pend Oreille. A most interesting collecting ground was found on and about Calispel Peak. When completed the whole collection should number some two thousand plant species of real scientific interest to the botanist and a ready reference to our lovers of plants.

Thomas A. Bonser of the Agricultural Department announces that he expects to raise enough potatoes in the school garden next summer to supply the cooking classes for the following year. This is a commendable undertaking, and reminds us again that the North Central High School gardens at Audubon Park are, in themselves, a credit to the school, and to Mr. Bonser, who supervises them.

The grains and the grasses raised by the classes in agriculture last year have furnished an abundance of material for class work for the present semester. The garden plot has now been divided into four parts, a regular fall garden, a strictly experimental garden, a spring garden, and a permanent garden. In the regular fall or winter garden, three varieties of wheat, Turkey Red, Jones's Fife,

and Forty-fold have been sown, and winter vetch, winter barley, prickly leaf winter spinach, and the slips of two hundred woody shrubs have been planted. All of these plants are suited to this climate and are expected to survive the winter. In the experimental division, Kentucky blue grass, orchard grass, spring wheat, Climax oats, gray winter oats, and black Russian oats have been sown to see if they will live over the winter. In case they should survive, special notice will be taken of their growth and yield, because they have never been tried before in this climate as fall-planted products.

On each side of the entrance, there are plots containing five varieties of clover, two of alfalfa, two of blue grass, and one of san-foin. This is the permanent garden, and one of its chief purposes is to add beauty. On each side of the main entrance is a plot so planted to blue grass and clover that the letters N. C. H. S. appear.

The part set aside for the spring garden was covered with several kinds of fertilizer, for experimental purposes, and spaded.

The usual method of studying commercial law, is to dig it out of the text-book, and then go to class and recite, or at least try to recite, on the dry questions asked by the teacher. Studying commercial law in this manner is like trying to decipher Chinese. And after you have studied it in this way you soon forget all you have learned.

Mr. John N. Davis, who is the present commercial law teacher, has planned to let the students raise arguments in class on different cases or points of commercial law. Each student may have a different idea or interpretation upon a certain example of the law. Then the arguments begin and are not settled until everything is threshed out and everybody has been satisfied or convinced of what is the right interpretation.

Also they have trials upon cases suggested by Mr. Davis. He appoints the plaintiff and defendant and the attorneys for each side. The attorneys choose their witnesses from the class. And the rest of the class act as the jury. The witnesses are put through rigid cross-examinations by the attorneys. And the trial is carried out as in a regular court. The lawyers sum up their cases and the jury gives its decision.

Besides these trials the students are made to report upon trials held in the police court and in the superior court.

The question arises, what good is derived in conducting the class in this manner?

The answers are first, that there are many facts which are set forth in the commercial law book that may be interpreted in different ways. These different interpretations may be correct in some cases and incorrect in other cases. Therefore, an argument upon all the different interpretations helps one to remember this specific point of the law. Secondly, there are no instructions printed in the textbook to tell a student how to prepare himself for a cross-examination by an attorney, or how he may learn to keep from being confused while testifying upon the witness stand, or how you may detect flaws in a written contract. These essential things which everybody should know can only be learned by experience. And they can be learned in a trial conducted in the class-room as well as in regular law court. Therefore, in this way the method of procedure is thoroughly and practically learned.

The general results of learning commercial law in this way are, that it makes the subject interesting and easier to learn, and gives the student a practical knowledge which he will be able to use to a great extent in his later life.

—Will Dwyer.

“The Red and Black are the only high school colors I have ever consented to wear, although I have spoken in all of the educational institutions in the Northwest,” said Mayor Hindley in his farewell address to the high school in convocation, Monday, November 30.

“The best thing about this school is its true democratic spirit, the lack of the cliques and snobbery that are seen in so many schools.” Although Mayor Hindley was very busy closing up his work in the City Hall, he willingly came to talk before the North Central students. This talk was the last one made before he left for his new home in Winnipeg, Canada, and as Mayor Hindley has always shown such a loyal and true spirit in connection with the North Central, we all wish him good-luck and happiness in his new home.

The preliminary tryout for the Masque Declamation Contest was held on Wednesday, November 11, and Friday, November 13. There were eleven contestants, all of whom gave very good and interesting selections. From these were chosen Ralph Neely, Mildred McHenry, Leslie Taylor, and Hortense Howerton, to compete for first and second places. This final contest was held on November 20, before the entire school. The first prize of \$5 and the honor of having his name engraved on the Masque trophy was awarded to Ralph Neely, and the second prize of \$5 to Leslie Taylor.

The members of the Senior B Class sold a total of 600 Red Cross Christmas seals, an average of five to a student, and more than any other three rooms in the North Central High School building. Altogether the rooms on the second and third floors sold 3,250 stamps.

One-half of the money received from the sale of these stamps was given toward the children's building of the Tuberculosis Hospital in the Spokane Valley, the other half to the National Red Cross Fund. The money received from the sale of Red Cross buttons and pennants was used in the relief work for the sick and wounded in all the foreign countries engaged in the European war and to the famine sufferers in China.

The Senior B Class has voted to enter a contest in English composition, which is to be held under the auspices of the English Department of Whitman College some time in February. The contest is open to all graduating classes in the high schools of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho.

On the day set for the contest each member of the classes entered will be given a subject and will have two hours in which to complete his composition. All members of a class must participate or the school will be declared ineligible. The class having the highest percentage will be awarded first prize, a bronze shield mounted on an oak base, valued at \$50. Individual prizes of \$25 and \$15 will be awarded to the two students who win first and second places respectively on their compositions.

While in Germany last summer Miss Margaret Fehr of the German Department bought a number of new German books which will be put in the library for the use of the students of the high school. These books were purchased in Leipzig, the center of all the book trade of Germany.

Among the books secured by Miss Fehr are fifty monographs dealing with history, geography, art, literature, and music, which will be valuable for reference work. There are also Anderson's and Grimm's "Marchen," illustrated by Edmund Dulac; "Undine," illustrated by Arthur Rackham; and a number of stories by Herzog, Spyri, Keller, and others.

These books are a valuable addition to the equipment of the German Department.

The students of the North Central held their annual football parade November 25, the procession starting from the school at 2:30 p. m.

The parade was headed by the school band in their brilliant uniforms. Next came the Mayor and the members of the School Board, while the remaining cars were filled with shouting, cheering, boosting girls, and behind them marched the boys who formed the yelling corps. Many signs and banners were in evidence along the line of march, advertising the Thanksgiving game.

The Boys' Aid Club, recently organized by Mr. E. J. Prickett for the purpose of securing employment for students working their way through school, promises to be a success, if the co-operation of the business men of this city can be secured. Letters have been sent out to all the business houses explaining the plan, and all the replies so far received promise co-operation.

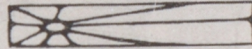
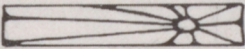
If this co-operation is secured, anyone desiring to employ a boy may telephone to the high school, stating the work required and the hours. A catalog of all the boys wanting work has been arranged, together with the kind of work they can do. From this catalog a student is selected for the position, and thus the student and the employer are brought together.

The legal profession, its opportunities and requirements, was the subject of a talk given by Arthur B. Lee, a prominent attorney of the city, and member of the Board of Education, at a meeting of the Vocational Club, Wednesday, December 16.

"My advice to you who are expecting to take up the study of law," said Mr. Lee, "is to go to college if possible, no matter how many difficulties are encountered. I did not have the opportunity to secure a college education, and I can see now where I missed much because of this. I secured my training for the law in the school of hard knocks, and I know it is not the most efficient method.

"An education of some sort is necessary for the study of law, but how much or how little is required depends entirely on the individual. A man may succeed with little education in the beginning; but in order to reach the top, he must become well educated.

"I would suggest a college education along liberal lines, preferably in the classical course. After the completion of this course,



· MOST ANY THING ·

a year or two spent in a law office before entering a law school will be very beneficial. In this way you will find out exactly how the work is done and what you are after.

"In the practice of law, the main difficulty is not in doing the work, but in getting enough work to do to secure a living. The opportunities in this profession are, however, as great as those in any other line of work for the man who has prepared well and is thoroughly efficient.

John Balcom Shaw, a prominent minister from Los Angeles, California, gave an interesting and straight-forward talk to the members of the Delta Club of the North Central High School, November 17.

Mr. Shaw told of his early life and of his struggle to secure an education, of the people he met and how they influenced his life, of habit and how to break it. He criticised severely the cigarette habit and the evils resulting from it. As a speaker, Mr. Shaw is very interesting, as he puts himself on direct and personal terms with his hearers and does not speak in a formal way to them.

The Student Library Board, elected by the students of the high school, was the first form of student government introduced in the North Central and has proved itself a satisfactory departure from the usual way of handling a library.

The Board meets every Thursday morning at 8:15. Donald Stewart is President, and Beth Chapman, Secretary. At these meetings all cases of misconduct of students in the library are tried, and after the evidence is heard on both sides, the Board passes judgment. As a rule, leniency is shown to students who have offended for the first time, but upon the second or third offense, more severe judgment is passed. The Board also has the authority to pass rules in regard to the care of the library during the day and to appoint a monitor to take charge of the discipline each period of the day.

The work of the Board thus far reflects credit upon the school and upon the students in charge.

"There is no other field in which you can do as much good for mankind as in the field of medicine," was the statement of Dr. Charles F. Eikenbary, a prominent surgeon of this city and ex-President of the School Board, in a talk given before the Vocational Club at a special convocation, November 24.

"Many people think that a young man taking up a medical course must not rely on earning his way through school. This, however, is not the case. I worked my way through college, as many other boys have done. As a rule those who do this get more out of their studies than those who do not rely on their own resources.

"In regard to surgery, I should say that from six to eight years are required to master this profession thoroughly. It is a common opinion that a great surgeon has only to become skilled in operating. It takes more than this, however, for a surgeon must have a broad understanding of the whole medical art. It takes more skill to determine when an operation is or is not necessary than it does to perform the work. Operating is merely a mechanical duty of the surgeon.

"There is not much money in the surgery business. Nearly all doctors who are said to be getting rich are spending their money as fast as it comes in. The expenses of a surgeon are very heavy."

Investigation has shown that seventy-five girls attending the North Central are supporting themselves, and many others are employed on Saturdays and holidays.

During the school months these seventy-five girls work for their board. During vacation they find employment in department stores and in doing light house work, thus enabling them to save enough money to clothe themselves during the next school year. Besides these seventy-five girls who are self-supporting, there are a great many girls who are employed in many other ways. Some are clerks, some take care of children, and some do light house work by the day.

Miss Ida M. Wilson, who was appointed to help the girls find employment, has been able to find places where the girls are paid one dollar a week besides their board, and she also investigates the amount of work required of the girls. To avoid tardiness, rules are made requiring the girls to leave for school at a certain time. In case the girls fail to do their part, they are reported to Miss Wilson, who endeavors to settle the trouble.

The Senior B's held a very important class meeting on Friday, December 4, at which they planned to give a banquet and entertainment in the gymnasium for the graduating class. This kind of entertainment will permit the class to give some money for charitable purposes in the city. The class is planning a candy sale to

be given soon, the funds from which will be turned over to the Red Cross Society, for use exclusively in the city. This will be a departure from the custom of preceding classes. The class also elected Stuart Lower and Ralph Neely to represent them in the extemporaneous speaking contest given under the auspices of the Wranglers Club.

"The society department of the newspaper is usually the first work given to a woman entering the newspaper field," said Miss Amy Oliver, a practical reporter from Duluth, Minnesota, before the News Writing Class, November 30; "but my advice to the girls is to get out of the work as soon as possible and get into the general reporting work.

"In general there are three kinds of stories, society, general, and feature. A woman can do the first, but it is the hardest work on the paper. The only possible way to win success in this department is to gain the widest possible acquaintance with the women who are in touch with the social circles of the city. In feature writing women have frequently proved superior to men and many women are doing this kind of work. The general reporting work has usually been given to men but there are phases of the work that women can do just as effectively, for example, court reporting. There is no reason why they can not do this satisfactorily.

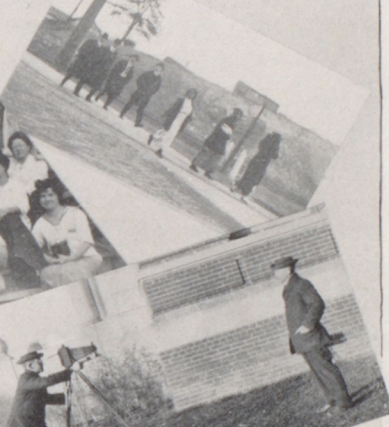
"One of the things that startled me when I began reporting was the sharp distinction which newspaper men draw between news and advertising. While material that might be construed as advertising is not permitted to pass as mere news, there seems to be no rule that will help the cub reporter greatly: he must simply learn the custom of the paper with which he happens to be working. A story that is entirely satisfactory to one editor may be thrown into the waste-paper basket as advertising by another.

"I have found that one may learn all the theory of news writing in a class in school. The thing that he cannot learn is how to find news. This comes by experience. Newspapers insist on truth and accuracy. In spite of the prevailing opinion there is comparatively little faking in newspaper stories."

A TRIBUTE

Last September, in the entering class of merry light-hearted boys and girls, was one who seemed apart from them, not so much

AROUND Our School



because he was older than they, but because he had passed beyond the interests of boyhood days.

Martin Finn had the strong, heavy-set figure of a man. His face wore the quiet, patient look of one who had taken up the burdens of life, as they had presented themselves to him, and who was undaunted by them. With a quiet dignity he made arrangements to carry on the work of his class in part only, as the daily toil that was his lot did not permit him to have full time at school. In this way he had finished the grades and in this way he hoped to finish high school. Even a college education was to him an uncertainty, not something unattainable.

He came day after day, his mental faculties benumbed by nights of toil. Without fully realizing it he was attempting the impossible,—a day of school work, after hours of manual labor, with often no time between for rest or food.

He was supporting himself, his younger brother, and his mother, and, by means of insurance, was providing for the future of those dependent upon him, should his support be withdrawn. The end of the struggle came suddenly, but the mind, too tired to grasp the lessons of school, had mastered the greater lessons of life. Courage, patience, manliness, devotion to duty and to his loved ones, he had learned, and the great, kind Teacher of us all has deemed him worthy of promotion.

During the three days preceding the Christmas vacation a great many of the alumni of North Central High School made their appearance again in the halls to greet those whom they had left behind them at the time of their graduation. Those who had left school several semesters ago found very few old friends among the students, but they could still meet and talk with the teachers, few of whom have gone. A special train from the University of Washington, chartered by the Spokane students attending the University, brought a very large crowd back to Spokane for the Holidays.

On December 24 a convocation was held at 1:30 p. m., Miss Ethel Rogers, teacher of Public Speaking, gave a splendid reading. It was a reading which appealed to the students because of the humor which Miss Rogers so skillfully brought out in each line. In response to the encore she gave a short negro dialect reading.

The orchestra played three different selections, and Sam Grinsfelder presented the Mathematics Club Trophy to Eloise McKay. Mr. Hargreaves capped the program by announcing that school was out for the day.

MUSIC



HERE has been a general sentiment throughout the school this year that this has been the most successful of all the years as far as our Music Department has been concerned. Part of this success is probably due to the fact that the student body, being deprived of football games on which to center their interest, took up the support of our musical activities either as participants or as audiences as a means of venting their enthusiasm. That is somewhat theoretical, but certain it is that never before has music been given such support and respect as this last semester. This is best shown by the capacity audience that attended the production of the annual opera, "King Hal."

King Hal

With the presentation of "King Hal" on December the 11th, the Music Department and Mr. Rice added greatly to the laurels already won in "Sylvia" and "Bul-Bul." From the opening chorus of village maidens and burghers before the "Star and Garter" inn at Windsor to the final scene where King Hal, "his heart strangely touched," bestowed pardon upon the bold forester, whose disloyal hand had dared to lift itself against the royal person, music and action both went with a swing that delighted the large audience.

The second act in the forest of Windsor was perhaps the favorite, the jolly outlaws round their fire making outlawry seem a most attractive form of existence. In this act the chorus, "Hail to the Dawn," sung as day gradually dawned in the dark recesses of the forest was very effective; while "Old Reuben," sung by Ray Foley as "Dickon," and "When I Was a Babe," sung by Frank Spaulding as "Robert," both with choruses by the outlaws, decidedly tickled the fancy of the audience.

In the title role, David Kirk looked every inch a king, and carried his part equally well whether trying to flirt with Phyllis, condemning Leonard to death, or relenting and making the lovers happy. Harry Lynde as "Bardolph," provided plenty of comedy, and Irene Lindgren, playing the part of "Elizabeth," not only sang very well, but also showed considerable ability in her delineation of a shrewish wife made more shrewish by jealousy. Nathalie Tecklenberg sang the part of "Dorothy" in a clear, sweet soprano voice that is full of promise. Frank Spaulding, in the role of "Robert the

Constable," was a favorite with the audience, whether acting or singing; an especially commendable feature of his singing being the distinctness of his enunciation, every word being heard clearly. The part of the chief of the outlaws was well played and sung by Frank Taylor, and Ray Foley brought out all that was in the minor part of "Dickon."

In the leading part of "Leonard," Guy Sheehan, though handicapped by a severe cold, which made the singing of the high notes in his difficult solos somewhat hard for him, showed fine voice in the lower register. He has a most excellent stage presence and certainly looked the part to perfection. As "Phyllis," Carol Hocking, taking the leading role for the third consecutive year, sang beautifully, her voice having gained greatly in strength without losing any of its sweetness. Her acting, too, was excellent.

As for the chorus and the orchestra, both organizations lived up to their reputation.

Taken as a whole, the performance was one of which the school may justly feel proud, and the greatest credit must be given to Mr. Rice and Miss Rogers, who trained the cast; to Miss Corwin, who managed the prosaic but highly essential business end of the opera; and to Frank Taylor, who superintended the construction of the scenery and acted as stage manager. —Miss Edith Broomhall.



Principals of "King Hal"

The cast of the opera was largely made up of the members of the Glee Club. For this reason there has been no mention of that organization heretofore in this space, as a separate body. But now that the opera is over, the club intends to take up active work immediately and the school will soon hear from it.

Several things distinguished this club from the other clubs of the school. The main thing is the spirit of friendship which has developed. Whether or not this is due to the influence of music is a matter of conjecture, but certain it is that a fellowship has characterized the operation of this body that is distinctively its own. It is probably this very thing that has left the feeling with each of the members that the organization is deserving of special interest. The purpose of the club is primarily for the pleasure of singing, but aside from this there has been much of value learned both in the technique of music and in the recognition of the importance of directorship.

It has come to be recognized over the civilized world of late years that the most important education of the public school is not the learning of the facts embodied in text-books, but rather the broader education of observation and experiences by contact with the various forms of society. And nowhere could the pursuit of this form of learning be more definitely exemplified than in the organization of musical bodies, especially in the vocal department, as this branch appeals more strongly to one's finer senses than any other. In this way the Glee Club has many merits as a practical and beneficial body in so far as it not only instructs along practical lines, but by touching those finer chords of one's character through the medium of pleasure and inspiration, acts as an important factor in the furtherance of the greater education of the "school of life."

GLEE CLUB NOTES

The semi-annual tryout was held on December 22 and the following were elected by the club members:

Tenor—

Signor Blum

Bass—Homer McDonald
Merlyn Webber
Stuart Lower
Charles Abraham**Alto—**

Alice Bender

Several of the best members of the club were lost last year by graduation in Jennie White, Minnie Williams, Bathaline Cowgill, Bob King, Tom Allen, Willard Matters. Matters is at present singing in the W. S. C. Glee Club and will stand a good chance of making the 'Varsity Quartette. Some of the others intend to go East for college work later on and we will be sure to hear from them there.

At last we have it! Just as a football convocation would be incomplete without one of Mr. Moyer's enthusiastic talks or as a lettermen's day would fall flat without the ancient ode to "Mr. Hargreaves and the Athletic Board," just so inappropriate would it be to close this semester's account of music without a word from our director, Mr. Rice. This "word" he has kindly consented to give as it appears below.

The Music Department, of the North Central High School, was organized in February, 1909, with an enrollment of ninety-four. Most of these came out of curiosity and seemed possessed with the



idea that they were going to run the department. Consequently, one of the first duties I had to perform was to send an entire class back to their session rooms. The school was new—the department was new — there was no music, and no credit was given.

I felt like a stranded missionary and turned my eyes to the East and prayed that I might live until June.

In desperation, I decided to give some sort of a show. I didn't know just what it should consist of, but finally settled on the idea of having each class represent some nation and sing a song in costume. Most of the songs were taken from the Opera,

"Tabasco Land," by Clarke. One of these was adapted to the words, "O Red and Black," by Miss Ruth Lohnes, with suggestions by Miss Gertrude Kaye, and still lives as our school song. As we

had no Auditorium the show was held in Miss Kaye's room one day after school. It probably was a very crude affair but it taught me "not to despise the day of small things."

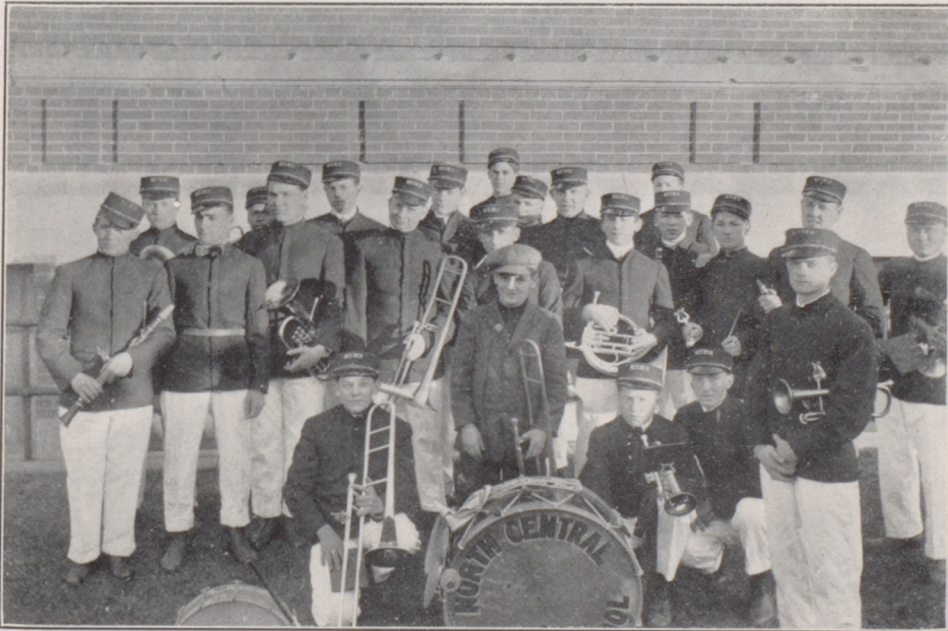
The first orchestra sounded like a revival among mules. The boys and girls were so interested, however, that I didn't have the heart to discontinue the rehearsals. We worked one whole semester and had two popular marches that we could play; that is, provided we all started at the same time.

From such a beginning the department has grown until today we have a splendid orchestra, band, and glee club. These organizations together with the successful production of the Operas, "Sylvia," "Bul-Bul," and "King Hal," make me proud to be associated with the North Central. The determination of the school to do things is what makes any department a success.

The future for the Music Department looks bright. I feel, however, that more talent is in the school than has been discovered. I wish that more of the Freshmen would come and get acquainted. I can't use everyone in the orchestra but have in mind the organization of a second orchestra where all will be welcome, and thus gain experience.

I also wish to take this opportunity to thank every one who has helped to make my work so pleasant.

—C. Olin Rice.



LIBRARY

Folks Worth Knowing

“When friends are absent or disappoint, when discouragement or loneliness overtake, on the book shelves we shall always find the master minds of the ages and to us they are always ‘at home.’”

Men—

Boy's Life of Edison. Meadowcroft.
The Moral Crusader. (William Lloyd Garrison.) Smith.
Adrift on an Ice-pan. Grenfell.
Abraham Lincoln. Schurz.
David Livingstone. Hughes.
The Making of an American. Riis.
Up From Slavery. (Booker T. Washington.) Washington.

Women—

Jeanne D'Arc. Bangs.
Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. Twain.
Story of My Life. (Helen Keller.) Keller.
Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist.
Florence Nightingale. Richards.
Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer.
Life of Ellen H. Richards. Hunt.
Louisa May Alcott. Moses.
The Promised Land. Antin.

NEW MAGAZINE COURSE

A new course, interesting in all its parts, and as practical a phase of work could be, has been added to the study of English IV. To know how to read magazine articles, how to find certain topic listed in the different magazine guides, and how to weigh the relative merits of the magazines and periodicals found on the shelves of the library, are only some of the practical factors taught in connection with this course. As we all are readers of periodicals this phase of practical study lately added to the English course should prove to be an asset to our every-day life.

THE LIBRARY BOARD

With the coming of Commencement night two of the members of the Library Board will leave us, namely, Donald Stewart, President of the Library Board, and Helen Crockett, the other Senior member. Although handicapped by the departure of these two



members the Board will endeavor to uphold the high standard that has been set. The spring semester will bring with it new problems to solve, some of which involve the care of the books and the general appearance of the library.

By maintaining the discipline in the library, this Board has striven to be the incentive in instilling the spirit of student government into the student body. The formation of other student government boards would aid greatly in furthering this spirit which every student is eager to take up.

Owing to the change of residence of Garrett Witbeck, Walter Russell has been elected by the Junior B Class to fill this vacancy on the Board.

DEBATING



THE North Central High School is a firm believer in progress. Inter-scholastic honors with the school are not in the past but in the future. The state league debate team has won two debates in the series for the state inter-scholastic debate honors, won last year by the North Central for the first time.

In the first debate, Latah forfeited to the North Central; in the second, the team composed of Sam Grinsfelder, Martin Johnson, and David Kirk, defeated Newport. There are two more debates in the series with opponents unknown at the present time. With continued coaching like the first team experienced from Mr. Coleman, the results will not be in doubt. If North Central does not meet Lewis and Clark in one of these debates, one outside the state series will be arranged, and to the winner will go the city championship and the large trophy cup presented by the Spokane Club at the University of Michigan.

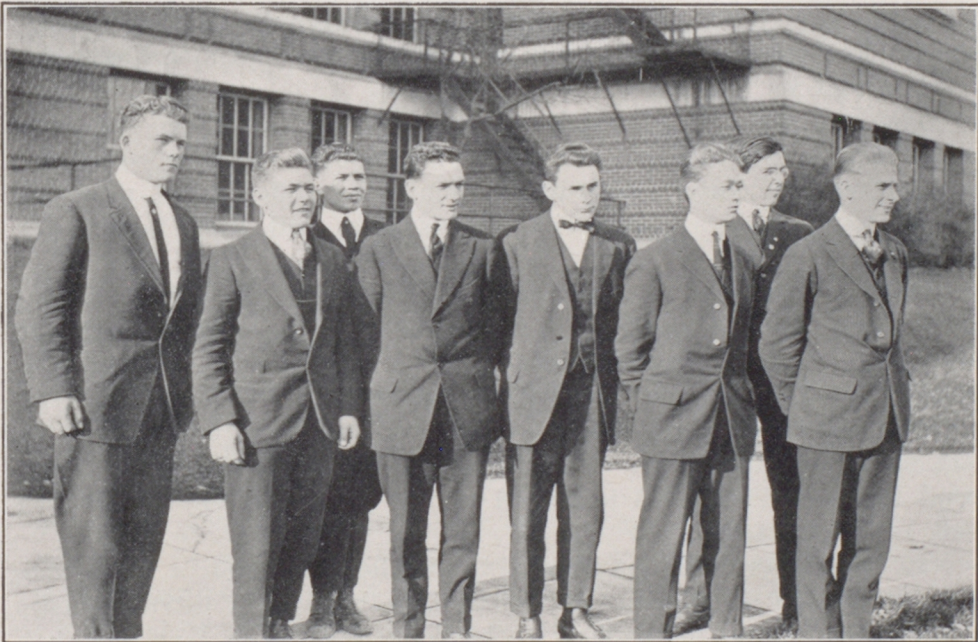
Recognizing North Central's supremacy in debate, Kalispel, Montana, and Walla Walla, Washington, high schools, before this year's state series began, offered to enter into a dual meet with the North Central, alternating the place of the debate each year. It is probable that one of the offers will be accepted and a team sent to Kalispel or Walla Walla before the end of the school year. Walla Walla offered to debate the question selected each year by the State Board of Education for the state series. Kalispel suggested the "Recall of Judges" as the question for the debate with them. The team this year consists of nine boys, David Kirk, Morton Margolyes, John Haney, Sam Grinsfelder, Merton Jesseph, Russell Hunter, Martin Johnson, Signor Blum, and Martie Jensen. Under the thorough coaching of Mr. Coleman, two practice debates have been held each week to become thoroughly acquainted with the vast material on the state question, "That all revenues for local purposes should be raised by a tax on land values only. Constitutionality granted."

The question is one that has interested the leading economists, legislators, legal, and business men throughout the United States. Many thousands of dollars are being spent each year in the review of the state and local taxation problems and their development.

Many Spokane business men have given their help to the team in the way of material and advice, and permitting the use of their private libraries. In the North Central the team has been aided by Miss Fargo and Mr. Sawtelle, and the members of the team wish to express to them their sincere thanks for the help and suggestion and for the special privileges granted to the team.

The support given the team by the student body at the Newport-North Central debate was not of the nature that teams of the North Central usually receive, but in the future it is expected that all will give loyal support to debate teams, and bring to the North Central the second inter-scholastic debate championship.

—Martin D. Johnson.



OUR DEBATE SQUAD

Left to right: David Kirk, Morton Margolyes, John Haney, Sam Grinsfelder, Merton Jesseph, Russell Hunter, Martin Johnson, Signor Blum.

ALUMNI

Reed College,
November 22, 1914.

Alumni Editor of the Tamarack:

The big red-letter day so far this semester was the one on which the first issue of the Tamarack came. You can not imagine how eagerly I snatched it out of my mail-box or how carefully I perused it from "our old friend, the Palace's" ad, to the final merits of Wentworth's "holeproof" hosiery. As an alumnus very much interested in the activities and progress of North Central, I am glad to have the opportunity to contribute something to the Tamarack and to tell you a little about Reed, and why I am glad I chose it, and why I think many of you would be glad if you, too, should come here.

Reed, as you probably all know, is a young college, in fact the first class graduates next June. But its very youth, seems to me a favorable feature, for in its establishment the old worn-out ideas of college education were abandoned and many new theories introduced. The rapid growth of the college and its high standing seem to show that its principles are appreciated.

The courses are splendid, as the college has from the first recognized that much of the value of a course depends upon the instructors. We have a wonderful faculty of wide-awake, profess-ive thinkers, each an authority in his line, and each, above all, human.

One feature that I think may interest you of North Central particularly is the student government. All the affairs of the school are under student control. The council, composed of students, elected each year, governs all activities of the school, settles disputes that may arise between students and faculty members, in fact is the ruling power. Combined with this system is the "personal honor" idea. I do not need to tell you that they work very well.

In regard to athletics here I think there is often a little misunderstanding. It is true Reed does not believe in interscholastic contests but within the college we have more athletics I believe than most colleges. There are splendid fields and tennis courts, and you can see at almost any time of the day either a football, basket-ball, volley, tennis, squash, or hockey contest in progress. "Gym" is as necessary a requirement for graduation as any study.

I must not fail to tell you that we have a well-organized Spokane Club of ten members. We are anxious to get more Spokane people interested in Reed and to welcome them over here. At present we have only three representatives from North Central. So you see we really need more.

I'm sure you will all be glad to know that a North Central boy, Edward Shears, won a place on the debating team. The team is to debate the University of Washington and Oregon and, of course, it is a very important place to be won by a Freshman.

I am sure if you could all walk up from the car line to the college one of these bright November days you would wish to stay here. The road is lined with huge firs and the ground along the path lovely with ferns. Passing Crystal Springs Lake, where we canoe a great deal, you come up over a slightly rising bit of road to a high place where the college lies. Before you stretches athletic fields and vivid Oregon green lawns, and in contrast the rather low quaint buildings of the college.

I can already see the editor shaking his head over the length of this epistle and so hoping to see many of you over here and assuring you, in behalf of the Spokane Club, a warm welcome, I remain

Very sincerely,

IRENE GUERNSEY.

Hays Hall, Wash., Pa.,
Nov. 15, 1914.

To the Alumni Editor:

Do not think that my interest in North Central has all waned, for that is far from the truth. In fact, I am just beginning to appreciate what she has done for me, and my two short years under her direction will ever furnish sweet memories. As I hear my fellow Freshmen, gathered from widely scattered parts of Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia, Iowa, and other eastern and middle-western states, tell of their prep-school life I become more and more convinced that no prep-school in the country is the equal of our own North Central in the real school spirit, that strong combination of democracy and that wonderful quality known as "pep". Of course, when others talk, so must I, and by glowing accounts of North Central life I have persuaded many of last year's High

School Seniors (this sounds better than Freshmen) that they have missed half of their education by their terrible misfortune in not having graduated from N. C. H. S.

But now, of course, my highest interest is involved in the greatest of colleges, old Washington and Jefferson. There is not much necessity for me to enumerate her wonderful victories on the gridiron, for they are known the country over, but, in my pride, I can not refrain from doing it. First and greatest of all let me boast of our (13-7) defeat of Yale. This victory alone would satisfy any ordinary school, but not so with Washington and Jefferson. Mt. Union College, Westminster, University of West Virginia, West Virginia Wesleyan, and the University of Pittsburg have gone down before us. Harvard, too, barely escaped this fate and is considered lucky to have done so. I might say that when the reports of this game came in and I was sick with disappointment, I could see, in my mind's eye, my friends Aden Keele and Harold Kenyon, hilarious with joy. Let them rejoice now, for next year my turn will come and also this year when Harvard is defeated by Yale, as I certainly expect.

Now, forgetting football, let me turn to the college itself; the oldest college west of the Alleghenies, she stands forth as one of our first-class schools. The student body, small in number, never passing the four hundred mark, excels in spirit and push. The very town, with its ancient inns where Washington and Jefferson dined, its memories of Civil War times and its historic surroundings, adds much to the college life. The main building, built in 1874, seems to urge students to greater achievements by reminding them of the great men who have recited within those same walls. New modern buildings with the latest appliances are at the disposal of the scientifically inclined student. The library, gathered through the years, would do honor to any school. In fact, nothing is lacking for the boy studiously inclined, for above all, there is a faculty of widely-experienced, highly-educated, sympathetic men, not one of whom but would be a worthy example for any young man.

Besides the advantages for an education, W. and J. has the best of all things in student life, a congenial student body. Every man in college knows every other man and all are regulated and bound together by this devotion to the college. All student matters are regulated by a Student Senate composed of seven members, three appointed by the faculty and one elected from each class. The honor of representing the class of 1918 was bestowed on me by

my class-mates and thus I have a good chance to see how real student government works. My opinion thus far is that the more power and the greater responsibility the students have, the more attention is paid to rules and the greater results are obtained. I'm glad North Central has taken the first step along this line and I hope she will carry it out successfully.

To the men interested in literary work ample opportunity is given to show his ability in writing for either the weekly or monthly publications or by taking part in any of the various literary societies. Debating and oratory are also greatly encouraged. To the man interested in fraternity life a very wide choice is given, nearly all the large fraternities being represented here. In fact, several of the chapters here are among the oldest in the country and are well established organizations.

I might go on extolling the virtues of W. and J. for hours, for I have a never-ending supply of praises for her, but I know such things grow tiresome. Let me say, however, that if any boy intends to come East for a college education he could make no mistake in choosing Washington and Jefferson College. Also, if any one is interested I would certainly be glad to correspond with him on this subject. At present I am the only Spokane boy here, but if North Central fellows could obtain a glimpse of W. and J. spirit and her opportunities very few would pass by to the larger universities.

Now, as this is supposed to be a letter, I will close with greetings to my acquaintances and friends and with the best of wishes for a successful year for North Central.

JOHN A. SHAW, JR.

The following is part of a letter from Gordon Bracking, who has been working at Yellowstone National Park:

All work was discontinued in Yellowstone National Park on the fifth of this month on account of the severe weather, but will be resumed in April.

My work this summer was very pleasant, to say the least, and I can hardly wait until it is time for me to return to my old job. My chief duties were to supervise the timekeeping and cost clerking in twenty-five construction camps, issue time checks to over six hundred men, and to properly account for all expenditures involved in the construction of bridges and roads over a distance of two hundred sixty-seven miles.

I was afforded an excellent opportunity to see the best that there was in the Park, and took a fine lot of pictures.

Most of the bears are quite tame, and make the hotels their headquarters. Tourists are forbidden to feed them, but when they get hungry they often make a raid on some nearby kitchen. The Engineering Department encountered no little trouble in keeping the fresh meat which was regularly sent to the various camps, out of their reach. The elk run wild in large herds that sometimes amount to several thousand. During the tourist season, however, they stay in the wilder parts of the Park, but it was my good fortune to see them on several occasions. The antelope are more tame, and frequent the "beaten path" more than do the other animals. Upon leaving the Park, I saw fully five hundred of them feeding around the "Entrance Arch" on the main and only street of Gardiner, Montana. Needless to say, I used up a lot of films this summer, and have some pictures which I prize very much.

The manner in which Major Fries, the Engineer in Charge, commended my season's work was highly gratifying, especially since the greater portion of the civil employees had either resigned or had been requested to do so. Best of all, I have been promised the same job, or something better, for next season.

Things are very quiet here, due to the war and the depression in the copper market, on which the prosperity of Butte is wholly dependent. The million-dollar pay-roll that was the former boast and pride of this city has dwindled to barely nothing. The idle men are so numerous that they almost congest traffic at times, and the animal nature in mankind is asserting itself on every hand. A few of the highly optimistic business men whom I have met, however, predict better times in the near future.

I have seen many interesting sights in the mines and processes in the mills in this vicinity, and have a better idea of how extensive operations are carried on, than I had before. A visit to the School of Mines was quite interesting. That's the institution which my uncle urged me to attend.

The local high school can't compare with the North Central, but it has a fine lot of students.

I am not working at the present time but have been offered an opening in the office of my cousin, who is the Montana Superintendent for the I. C. S.

Very sincerely yours,

T. GORDON BRACKING.

The Men Behind the Scenes

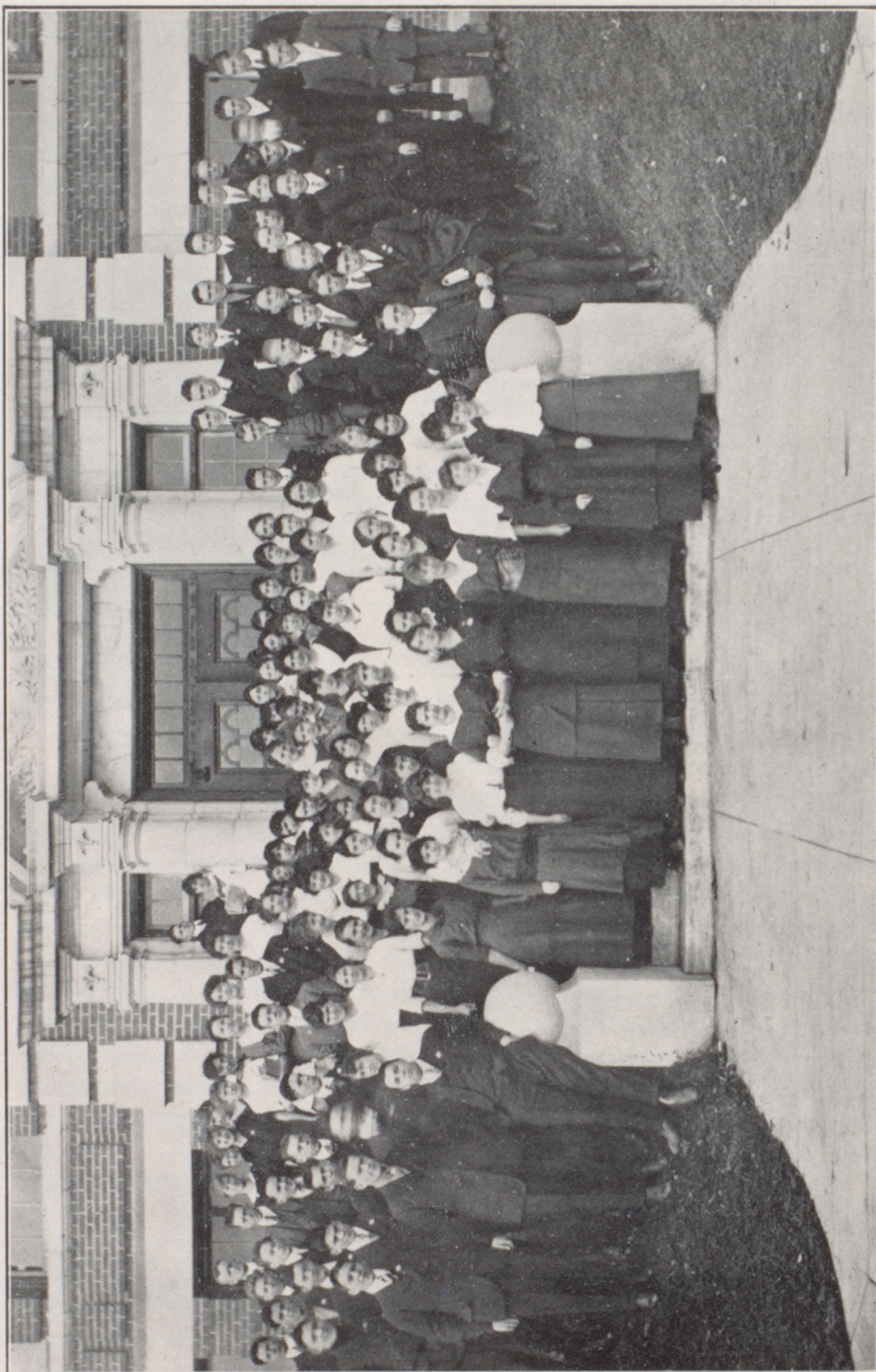
Much comment has been made of late in regard to the stage settings at the various plays. And well we might comment on it. Although we are handicapped by limited equipment and a small stage, the Stage Manager, Frank Taylor, has certainly produced some scenic effects that would be a credit to any professional stage. The pine-branch drop and the forest recess scene of the second act of the last opera, "King Hal," was acknowledged by the audience to be the most perfect imitation they had ever seen on a high-school stage. This is something to be proud of, as Taylor is strictly a North Central product. He entered the school in September, 1910. He was out on account of illness from an accident more or less during 1913 and graduates in June '15. All that he knows about scene painting he picked up himself and any who have seen any of his late productions feel that we are to be considered fortunate in having him with us. He has taken a contract with the Senior Class of Jan. '15 to paint an interior set for their play, "All the Comforts of Home," and will probably be called on to produce more next semester for the Senior play and the annual Masque play.



FRANK TAYLOR

He has been assisted in his work by a bunch of fellows who deserve mention here for their efforts to make the stage work a success. They are Reg Bullivant, "Chuck" Crow, Evan Pearson, Paul Cox, Elsworth Lucas, and Claude Murray. Foley acted as Assistant Manager for the opera setting, and "Purity" Russell built properties for the same.

These fellows deserve much credit, as it is "real work" for one thing, and they miss all the plays of the season. They have to be present at two dress rehearsals each time, which serves only to spoil the play for them. Their work is all done before the curtain goes up and the credit goes to the actors. When we stop to think, we are lucky to have such enterprising young men who think more of the school than they do of themselves.



THE CLASS OF JUNE 1915

CLASSES

SENIOR A REPORT

The Class of Jan. '15 will soon be leaving the doors of dear old North Central to begin other work. But not one member of the class will ever forget the lessons learned or the many happy times experienced while there.

And now about "All the Comforts of Home." Of course you saw the Senior A play. If you didn't, you missed the best comedy ever presented at the North Central. Herbert Pefley as Tom, and Lee Coonrad as Dabney, certainly caused much laughter. Wasn't it queer that Mary Endres could boss David Kirk about, as she did? You will have to agree that everyone did splendid work. The play was surely appreciated if applause counts for anything.

The banquet of January 9th, given in honor of the class by the Senior B's, was a most enjoyable affair. The program was excellent, as were also the many good things to eat. Many thanks!

In behalf of the class, I wish to thank Mr. Sawtelle for his services during the semester as director of the class. Also I wish to thank Miss Bechtel for her services as director of the girls.

And now, dear Red and Black, farewell. We shall always be proud to wear you and honor you in all ways possible.

SENIOR B CLASS REPORT

The Senior B Class has had throughout all its year, a rousing school spirit along with its studies, and the result of this combination of work and pleasure is a class which is one of the main supports of the school.

Imbued with this enthusiasm, the class lends support toward every activity and society in the high school.

In the opera, "King Hal," the part of the leading lady was taken by Carol Hocking, who rendered it in such a manner as to win favorable comments from the entire audience. Harry Lynde and Frank Taylor also deserve special mention for the interpretation of their parts.

In athletics, this year, the class has done some splendid work, as it has carried off the honors in basket-ball by winning every game in which it engaged; also being well represented in foot-ball, the captain of the team being Robert Kolbe and the manager Harold Neely.

For the first time the Senior B's broke the old precedent of holding a banquet downtown and entertained the Senior A's in the high school gymnasium.

Some time ago a candy sale was given, the net proceeds being twenty-five dollars. This sum was given to charity here in Spokane. The Senior B's appreciate the support which it received in this sale from the other members of the school.

The class is looking forward to the Senior A year with pleasure and hopes and expects to make even a better showing than other previous classes have up to this time.

JUNIOR B CLASS

The Junior B Class as well as the North Central High School lost a worker, a fine fellow, and a class and school booster when Garrett Whitbeck left. He represented the Junior B Class on the Library Board and was Treasurer of that class. In his place on the Library Board the class is now represented by Walter Russell.

At a meeting held December third the class was entertained with vocal solos by Estelle Culliton and Bryant Bishop, readings from Ray Foley and Mildred McHenry, and two piano solos from Alice Schelling. After the program Albert Fleming was elected Treasurer for the remaining part of the semester.

FRESHMAN A CLASS

Not only has the class shown spirit in its loyalty to the school, but in the class itself. At the December meeting a good live program was put on, which consisted of the following numbers:

Piano Solo	Laverne Peterson
Duet	Margaret Mayor, Ruth McGilvery
Recitation	Thelma Morton
Solo	Nathalie Tecklenburg
Recitation	Muriel Roberts
Piano Solo	Ethel Hurly

Our class has been well represented in all school activities. Jim McIsaacs, North Central's star quarterback, is from our class; Llewellyn McEachran, Laverne Peterson, Jean McMorran, and Nathalie Tecklenburg represented the class in the opera "King Hal"; and Paul Gray has been elected class basket-ball captain. So it is evident that our class possesses life.

SOCIETIES

THE MASQUE

"The best declamation contest ever given before the school!" That was the general opinion of the Masque contest which was given before the school in November. Ralph Neely won the first prize of five dollars and had his name engraved upon the Masque Cup. His reading was, "The Foxes' Tails." Leslie Taylor took second place with a scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Hortense Howerton and Mildred McHenry were the other two contestants. This Masque Declamation Contest is held annually, and is always one of the big events of the year.

The Masque programs at the regular meetings of the club have been as successful in their way as the declamation contest. When the Masque was entertained by Sam Grinsfelder and Bryan Leiser at the home of the latter on October twenty-eighth, a play, "The Conversion of Harrington," by Miss Broomhall, was given. Irene Oliver, Grace Turner, Bryan Leiser, and Ralph Neely took the parts. Ethel Cadwell entertained with a piano solo, and Morton Margolyes with a reading.

The next meeting was held on November twenty-fifth at the home of Irene Oliver. Frank Taylor sang two solos, and Catherine Pugh, Mary Stewart, Julia Corner, and Russell Hunter appeared in a short playlet, "When Love Is Young."

The big meeting of the year was held at the home of Mrs. Hargreaves on December thirtieth. This was a Christmas meeting, and presents, not exceeding the cost of ten cents apiece, were given to everyone there. A large number of alumni members were among those present, and everyone had an enjoyable time.

DELTAS

The Deltas are proud of the results of their complete program for the fall semester. The events which were the more striking ones of this program were, the semi-annual "Freshman Frolic," the sale of Thanksgiving "Booster Buttons," the parade advertising the big game, the formation of a Newsboys' Club, and the starting of the Triple B's Club. These compose a varied line of activities, and only show how much the society has done.

One Hundred and Seven

The third semi-annual "Frolic," given in the school auditorium, was characterized by the usual vim and interest that have attended the frolics in the past. About six hundred boys of the school were present to see and listen to a sparkling program.

A few days before Thanksgiving, every Delta was out selling "Booster Buttons," and when the final count was in, the society had succeeded in disposing of eight hundred buttons. Then came



the big parade on the day before Thanksgiving. Principal Hargreaves had turned the management of the parade over to a Delta committee, and surely was not disappointed with the results.

The formation of a Newsboys' Club is outside of school activities, but this organization is receiving the interest and attention of the Deltas. Its object is to bring newsboys more within the influence of the Y. M. C. A. From forty to sixty newsboys were in attendance when the Delta committee in charge opened the first meeting.

The "Triple B's" Club was formed but a few weeks ago, under the supervision of the Deltas, but it is already a live organization. Its membership is drawn from boys of the Freshman and Sophomore classes, and its object is to interest lower classmen in the best parts of school life, while as yet they have not had time to make their marks and become Deltas.

Aside from the accomplishment of this work, the society has enjoyed its weekly meetings, and has listened to some very interesting speakers. Among the many we have had the pleasure of listening to have been, The Reverend Mr. Brown, Congressman-elect C. C. Dill, Rev. John B. Shaw, and Principal R. T. Hargreaves.

The meeting preceding Christmas was an especially marked one, as the Deltas entertained their lady friends at dinner.

THE MATHEMATICS CLUB

The first social meeting of the Mathematics Club held this year was a Halloween party at the home of Duncan Brickell. The chief entertainment of the evening was the initiation of new members, which afforded much amusement to all. Those initiated were Bess Davis, Mabel Stone, Jessie Manners, Amy Warren, Douglas Scates, John Haney, and Sam Markowitz. Another meeting of the club was held at the home of Flora Ulley on Saturday evening, November twenty-first. A Christmas meeting, held at the home of Douglas Scates, on December eighteenth, was very good. A mathematical journal, by Neva Martin, a spelling match, Christmas games planned by Sam Grinsfelder and Bess Davis, and a Christmas tree constituted part of the program.

On Wednesday afternoon, December sixteenth, the Algebra contest was held. This was by far the best mathematical contest ever held and one of the best contests in any line ever held in the school. Much interest was shown in this contest by a great many students, there being thirty-five entries. On the first afternoon all but four girls were eliminated and for a time it seemed almost impossible to find problems which these four could not solve. The mathematics pennant was presented to Eloise McKay in convocation December twenty-fourth, and her name is to be engraved upon the Mathematics trophy.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club, though organized only two years ago, is now one of the largest organizations in the school, having a membership of over forty. The object of the club is to promote the commercial interest throughout the school as well as to help each individual member.

A meeting for the new members of the club was held on the evening of November 10. A program and game furnished the entertainment for the evening and later ice cream and cake was served. The meetings will be held on Tuesday every two weeks, in the evening and afternoon alternately. At each evening meeting a contest along the line of spelling or rapid calculation will be one of the main features. A spelling contest was decided upon for the next meeting.

GERMANISTISCHE GESELLSCHAFT

Although the membership of the club has been below the average this fall many lively and interesting meetings have been held. German games are played, national songs sung, and many delightful trips taken with Miss Fehr, through the medium of stereopticon pictures, over Deutschland.

Ten or twelve applicants will try out for membership in the near future. All German students with two or more credits in German and an average of eighty-five per cent, are eligible to try out. The test depends mostly on the ability to speak German.

WENDELL PHILLIPS CLUB

Notice:

New members have been added to the Wendell Phillips Club. Watch this organization for the big trial that is soon going to startle the school. The details of this unique event have not been formed yet, but you may bear in mind that these plans will prove novel throughout. Many other big programs are being planned for the coming semester. Although many of our members will leave us by graduation this organization will continue on, with the same life and zeal that has always marked its ranks.

VOX PUELLARUM

As I sat beside the fireplace my thoughts reviewed the happy times of the last few months. I do not know when I fell asleep, but I dreamed that I was in the midst of a group of laughing, chattering girls. I knew that I was enjoying, for the second time, the Vox Puellarum party at Florence Woodward's house. The scene changed.

I was attending a business meeting of the club. A motion had just passed to the effect that we should broaden our field and take up literary work as well as debating. Then I heard the plans for a contest. Each girl was to submit an original short story or poem. The scene seemed to fade before my eyes. I heard faint voices talking about judges, teachers, and prizes. Then I fell into the peaceful sleep so well known to all members of the Vox Puellarum.

SANS SOUCI

Early this year a new craft, the French Society, was launched forth upon the crowded sea of school activities. Although then a miniature craft manned by a few trustworthy sailors, under the pilotship of Miss Broomhall and the orders of its earnest captain, Beth Chapman, it crossed the shoals safely and now, greatly enlarged, is sailing steadily onward to Port Success.

Lest the sailors should become wearied or disinterested lively entertainments have been given. The latest novelty planned is "Les Facheux," a comedy in one act, which will be staged on deck in the near future by the following sailors:

Jeanne	Eva Black
Louise	Neva Martin
Angele	Amanda Nash
Alberta	Helen Onserud
Mme. Vve. Philoloquie.....	Alta Cooney
Anastasie	Beth Chapman

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY

The Engineering Society has been one of the most active organizations in the school this year. We have originated a novel plan to secure perfect attendance to our meetings. We meet once a week during the lunch period and every fellow brings his lunch. We have had no trouble in securing the maximum attendance as a result of this plan.

Our meetings are enlivened by interesting talks and debates by members of the society. Besides talks by the members of the society, we have had demonstrations and lectures by members of the faculty in the Science Department. The most interesting of these

were by Mr. Kennedy on diffusion of gases; Mr. Kreider on nitrification, and Mr. Hargreaves on habits and their relation to business.

As formerly has been the custom, we have taken a number of trips through local concerns, among which were the new Davenport Hotel, the Centennial Flour Mills Co., the Washington Water Power Company's Post Street Plant, and the Diamond Ice Plant.

The students of North Central will do well to keep their eyes on the Engineering Society during the next semester.



THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY





ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

One Hundred and Thirteen



SOME OF OUR TROPHIES

FOOTBALL

In a game marked by sensational end runs by that speedy right half, Clyde Harris, long forward passes with Bullivant and Skadan at the ends of them, and with superior generalship, North Central won the annual Turkey Day contest with Lewis and Clark.

The game was by no means, as the score would indicate, a walk-away, but was full of fight from start to finish, the losers being losers only after the final whistle blew.

The weather was the finest that could be asked for, a bright crisp day, and 4500 rooters in the stands yelling and howling for the game to begin.

North Central won the toss and chose to defend the east goal. Skadan kicked off at 1:30 p. m. for fifty yards, Cone returning it for 15. Three hard bucks gained 6 for the L. and C., and Cohn punted 35 yards, McIsaacs returning it 20. N. C. could not gain by straight bucks so Skadan punted for 35 yards, Bullivant downing Cone in his tracks. Lewis and Clark then started down the field and nothing could stop them. For five consecutive times they made first downs on straight old-fashioned football. Time after time that husky Carnahan, Curtice, and Cone tore through North Central's defense for yardage. North Central's fighting spirit came back, however, and after Curtice's attempt at a field goal they started to get down to real football.

Clyde Harris then pulled off the first of his sensational end runs that electrified the crowd and spelled defeat for the Lewis and Clark team. Circling left end he tore down the field for 40 yards, making for the first time a first down for the N. C. team. A pass and two bucks failed to gain for the North Siders and Skadan punted 36, Cone returning it 10. Curtice lost 10, Cone and Carnahan failed to make yardage by line bucks, Cone punting 17. Harris lost 4 on two attempts, Carnahan tossed Skadan for 15 yards loss when a pass went wrong. The next few minutes of the quarter neither team gained any decided advantage, the quarter ending with the ball in North Central's possession.

Harris broke away for another 40-yard run only to lose the ball when tackled hard by the L. and C. safety man, Lewis and Clark getting the ball on their 10-yard line. Cohn after losing 5

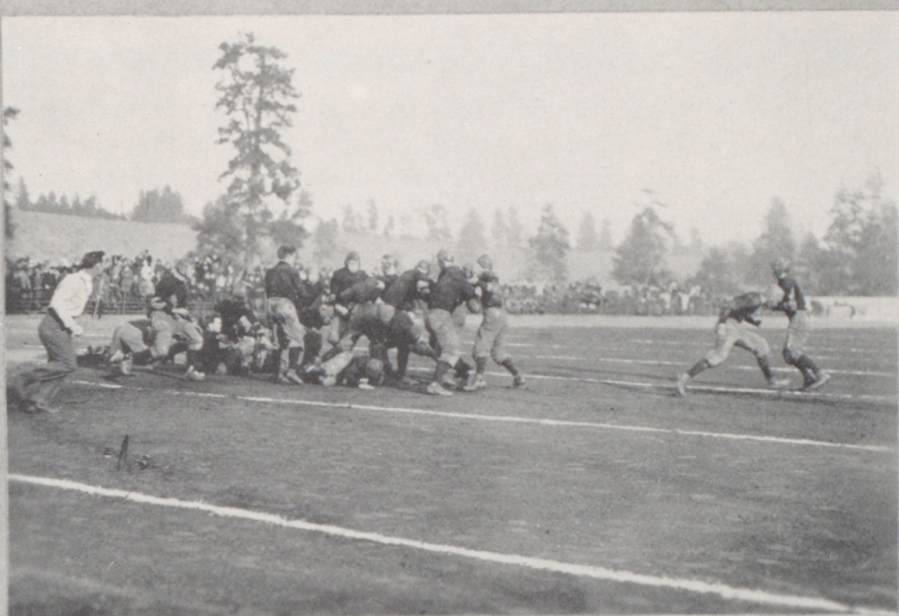
punted 35 yards, McIsaacs returning 12. McKenzie made 5 and two bucks failed to gain. It was the fourth down and 6 to go when McIsaacs, the speedy little quarter, circled right end for the first touchdown. Skadan then kicked the goal from the 35-yard line. Score, 7 to 0.

Curtice returned the kickoff 30 yards and Cohn punted for 30, after he had lost 10 on an end run. Harris again broke away for 35 yards and Skadan kicked a field goal from the 23-yard line. Score, 10 to 0.

Curtice returned the kickoff to the 32-yard line, and after three incompleated passes kicked for 35 yards, McIsaacs returning it 14. Harris lost 3 and Skadan kicked for 38 yards, Bullivant tackling Cone in his tracks. L. and C. punted 34 yards after gaining 3 yards on line bucks. N. C. was penalized for holding, the first penalty of the game. Brandt took Witbeck's place, Skadan punted for 37 yards and the half ended with the ball on the L. and C. 40-yard line in North Central's possession.

Carnahan returned Skadan's kickoff to the 35-yard line and four line bucks netted yardage. Three more line plays gained only 6 yards so Cone punted 34. Skadan punted 37 after North Central failed to gain. Bullivant broke up a pass and Skadan passed to McIsaacs, making 25 yards. McIsaacs carried the ball to the 8-yard line after McKenzie had made 3 and 6 yards for a first down. Harris then made 4 and Skadan plowed through center for the touchdown, but he failed to kick the goal. Score, 16 to 0.

Hatch returned the kickoff to the 30-yard line. Two bucks netted 8 for L. and C. and they kicked for 30. North Central failed to gain and Skadan punted for 38. In every exchange of punts North Central was making yardage and outpunting Lewis and Clark. L. and C. made 10 yards on a pass to Plastino. The next three attempts went wild. Cohn punted 20, Skadan fumbled and Curtice recovered the ball. Cohn made 3 and passed 20 yards to Hatch. Carnahan was held on the 1-yard line on the fourth down, the closest Lewis and Clark ever got to the North Siders' goal. Skadan kicked for 34 yards from behind his own goal. Two bucks gained 5 and Curtice missed a place kick. McKenzie ran the ball to the 38-yard line; 39 yards were netted from Skadan's punt. A pass to Hatch lost 2 yards and Harris intercepted the next one. North Central gained 5 on bucks and Skadan punted 43 yards. Cone made 8 on a pass and a first down through the line.



N.C.H.S.-26

L.C.H.S.-0



Cone fumbled and Kolbe recovered the ball. North Central made 9 on three bucks and lost the ball as the period ended.

Cone made 9 on a tackle play and McIsaacs returned Cohn's punt for 35 yards. Skadan failed to gain and on the next play passed to Bullivant, who made a touchdown after a pretty run of 20 yards. Skadan kicked goal. Score, 23 to 0.

After several exchanges of punts and some brilliant returning by McIsaacs, Skadan kicked a beautiful field goal from the 30-yard line. Score, 26 to 0.

Cone returned the ball to the 35-yard line and after an exchange of punts Skadan tried for another field goal, which was blocked by Carnahan, who returned the ball to the center of the field. An exchange of punts gave Lewis and Clark the ball in the center of the field. Short forward passes gave them yardage twice. The game ended with the ball in their possession on North Central's 36-yard line. Score, North Central, 26; Lewis and Clark, 0.

The lineup:

Bullivant	L. E.	Plastino
Anderson	L. T.	Kienholz
Groom	L. G.	Lanz
Kolbe	Center	Ferris
Witbeck	R. G.	Waggoner
Smith	R. T.	Cohn
Crowe	R. E.	Hatch
McIsaacs	Quarter	Cone
McKenzie	L. H.	Curtice
Harris	R. H.	Galbraith
Skadan	Fullback	Carnahan

Substitutions: North Central, Russell for Groom; Groom for Russell; Brandt for Witbeck; Witbeck for Brandt; Quigley for McKenzie. Lewis and Clark, Cowling for Hatch.

North Central Scoring—Touchdowns, Skadan, McIsaacs, Bullivant; goals from touchdowns, Skadan; goals from placement, Skadan (2).

Score by quarters:

North Central	0	10	6	10—26
Lewis and Clark	0	0	0	0—0

Officials: Referee, B. A. Clark; Umpire, James Henderson; Head Linesman, John Jones.



OUR TEAM

Captain "Blondy" Kolbe—An ideal captain and for two years an All-Northwest center. Not enough can be said about him.

Captain-elect "Curly" Skadan—A great kicker—when it comes to punting that ball, and one of the best fullbacks North Central has ever had.

"Pat" Bullivant—Left end, a hundred and forty pounds of grit and muscle; is fast on going down on punts and is good on the receiving end of a pass.

"Andy" Anderson—A moose of a tackle, and a good man both on defense and offense.

"Purity" Russell—He doesn't let anybody through him and is there all the time.

"Moose" Witbeck—A man whom we are sorry to see move away, not only because of his football ability, but also because of his being a fine fellow.

"Mum" Smith—A sure and hard tackler and an all-around man on offense.

"Beefsteak" Crowe—His love for beefsteak accounts for his ability to play right end as he did.

"Jimmie" McIsaacs—Doped by many as one of the best quarters North Central has ever had. The way he selected his plays put him in the "star" class right away.

"David" McKenzie—A hard, steady, as well as fast man at half. North Central loses a mighty good player when he graduates.

"Speedy" Harris—His speed several times placed the ball within striking distance and out of the danger zone; as well as being fast the rest of his playing is on the sensational order.

"Johnnie" Groom—A hardy, steady player at guard and hard to stop on offense.

"Eddie" Quigley—While in the game he made every minute count and played left half like a veteran.

"Silent" Brandt—A new man on the squad, but a hard, steady player, who made us wish we could have him next season.

"Skinny" Wallace—Another new man, who played a good game and whom we lose through graduation.

Little "Fullback" Moyer, the "honorary captain," didn't do much but kick; but if he grows up to be like his dad a lot will be expected of him.



FOOTBALL BANQUET

The football men were the guests of the school at a banquet held in the East room of Davenport's on Monday evening, November thirtieth.

Principal R. T. Hargreaves acted as toastmaster and the following responded to toasts:

Dr. A. H. Benefiel.....	"The School Colors"
Captain Robert Kolbe.....	"My Team Mates"
Ira Davis.....	"Getting Into Condition"
Don Briley.....	"A Spectator"
A. C. Woodward.....	"Playing the Game"
Russell White.....	"Only a Scrub"
Frank Skadan (Captain-elect).....	"The Kick-Off"
S. L. Moyer.....	"Coaching"

Captain Kolbe, on behalf of the team, presented a gold scarf pin shaped like a football and set with a diamond to Coach Moyer in appreciation for what he has done not only for the team but also for the school.

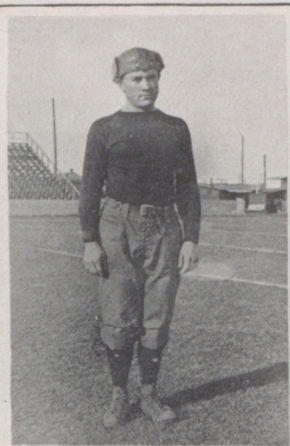
At a convocation, December fourth, sixteen first team men and eleven scrubs received honor letters for their work on the squad this year. Principal Hargreaves and the Athletic Board were not forgotten by the men when they received their letters.

First team letters were presented to Captain Kolbe, Captain-elect Skadan, Anderson, McKenzie, Brandt, Crowe, Smith, Russell, Harris, Quigley, McIsaacs, Bullivant, Witbeck, Groom, and Wallace.

The scrubs who received letters were Quass, Olson, Shannon, White, Gaitskill, Murray, Richardson, Durst, McPhee, Daniels, and Dunton.

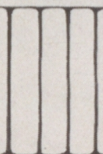
A feature of the convocation was the presentation of a letter to the "Honorary Captain," Coach Sam Moyer's one-day-old son. Moyer in accepting the letter on behalf of the "Little Fullback" expressed the hope that he would soon be wearing a big one across his chest.

Frank Skadan, North Central's star fullback, was unanimously elected captain for the coming year at a meeting of the letter men just before the convocation. Skadan has been one of the best men on the squad for the past three years and this season it was in a large measure his wonderful kicking and line plunging that won the Turkey Day game for North Central.

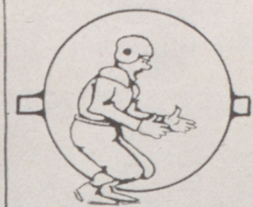


C. HARRIS

N.

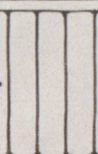


C.



F. SKADAN

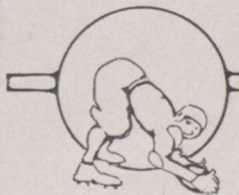
H.



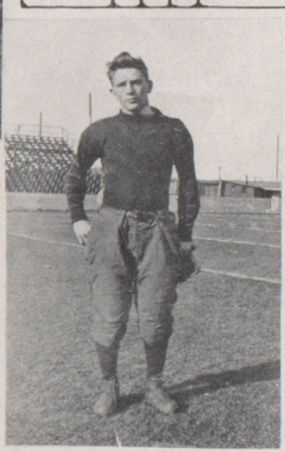
S.



McISAACS



D. MCKENZIE



E. QUIGLEY

OUR COACHES

The students of the North Central High School owe a great amount of praise to her coaches, for it is due to their efforts that our team came out ahead in the game for the interscholastic championship of Spokane. Of Coach Moyer we can not say enough. To know the man and to get in touch with him personally is something



that is a benefit to any one. The way he stuck to the game this year, and the way he whipped a team into condition only goes to show to the North Central students the worth of the man.

Of the assistant coaches, A. C. Woodward and Ira Davis, a like amount of praise is due from the student body of the school. The "pep" and enthusiasm that they gave to the fellows was only a part of the spirit that they have for the school.

INTERCLASS BASKET-BALL

Coach Woodward, in order to get a line on the new material for the coming season, organized an eight-team league with a twenty-eight game schedule to be played. The series as far as it went attracted a large number of basket-ball enthusiasts and the games were played with a great amount of "pep" and enthusiasm.

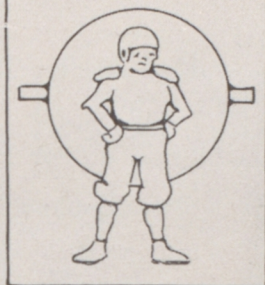
Each class elected their captains as follows:

Senior A	Rex Anderson
Senior B	Gordon Cook
Junior A	Roy Hodgson
Junior B	Spenser Morse



G. WITBECK

N. C.

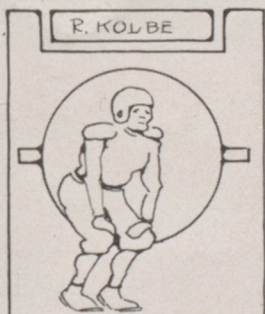


E. BRANT

H. S.



J. GROOM



R. KOLBE



W. ANDERSON

Sophomore A Clinton Sohns

Freshman A Paul Gray

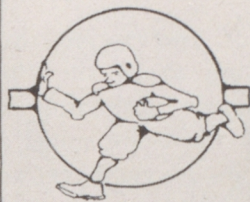
Following is the schedule given out by Coach Woodward for the interclass series:

Senior A	12	Senior B	17
October 30—			
Junior A	10	Junior B	2
Sophomore A	5	Sophomore B	2
November 2—			
Freshman A	22	Freshman B	3
Senior A	21	Senior B	11
November 4—			
Sophomore A	9	Sophomore B	4
Junior A	6	Junior B	14
November 6—			
Freshman A	10	Freshman B	8
Senior A	18	Senior B	13
November 9—			
Junior B	4	Junior A	10
Sophomore A	10	Sophomore B	5
November 11—			
Freshman A	12	Freshman A	4
Senior A	13	Senior B	21
November 13—			
Sophomore B	9	Sophomore A	7
Junior A	18	Junior B	7
November 16—			
Freshman B	9	Freshman A	6
Senior A	24	Senior B	18
November 18—			
Freshman B	9	Freshman A	3



GAITSKILL

N. C.

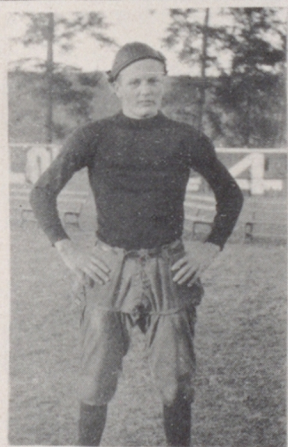


RUSSELL

H. S.



CROWE



DURST



BULLIVANT

In the first game of the interclass series the two Senior teams had no trouble in walking off with the victories. The Senior B's found the Junior B team easy picking and won, 17 to 2. The Senior A's had a little harder time beating the Junior A's by only two points, 12 to 10.

In the second game of the series the Freshmen won. The Freshmen A's easily winning from the Sophomore A's, 22 to 5. The Freshman B's had a harder job and won by only 3 to 2.

The Senior teams kept up their good playing and easily won from the Sophomore teams on November fourth. Scores: Senior A 21, Sophomore A 9; Senior B 11, Sophomore B 4.

The Junior and Freshman teams divided honors on November sixth, each taking a game. The Junior A's lost to the Freshman A's in a hard game, to the score of 10 to 6. The Junior B's had no trouble in winning from the Freshman B's, 14 to 8.

The Senior teams kept up their winning streak and defeated the Junior teams on Monday the ninth of November. The Senior A team won easily over the Junior B team, 18 to 4. The game between the Junior A's and the Senior B team was fast and full of excitement, the Seniors nosing them out, 13 to 10.

The Sophomore B team gave the Freshman A team a rub and won, 5 to 4. The Freshman B's played a hard game and won from the Sophomore A's, 12 to 10.

The Senior teams kept up their usual good playing and won their fourth straight victory on November thirteenth. The Sophomore A's lost to the Senior B's, 21 to 7. The Senior A's won after a hard fight, 13 to 9.

The Junior teams carried off the honors on Monday the sixteenth, winning both their games from the Freshmen. Scores: Junior A's 18, Freshman B's 9; Junior B's 7, Freshman A's 6.

The last games of the schedule were played on Wednesday, November eighteenth. The Senior teams ended their unbroken string of victories when they defeated the Freshman teams to the scores of: Senior A 13, Freshman A 12; Senior B 18, Freshman B 3.

The winning lineups were made up of the following:

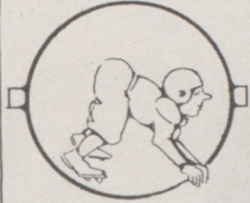
SENIOR A		SENIOR B	
Anderson (Captain)	F.	Cook (Captain)	
Barker	F.	Olin	
Johnson	C.	Cox	
Witcomb	G.	Munson	
King	G.	Maguire	
Dwyer	G.	Neely	



WALLACE

N.

C.



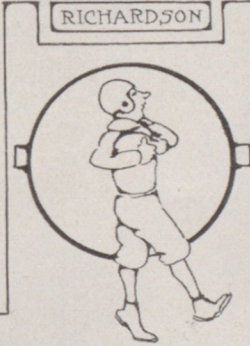
DUNTON

H.

S.



MCPHEE



RICHARDSON



C. ANDERSON

Following is the standing of the teams at the end of the schedule:

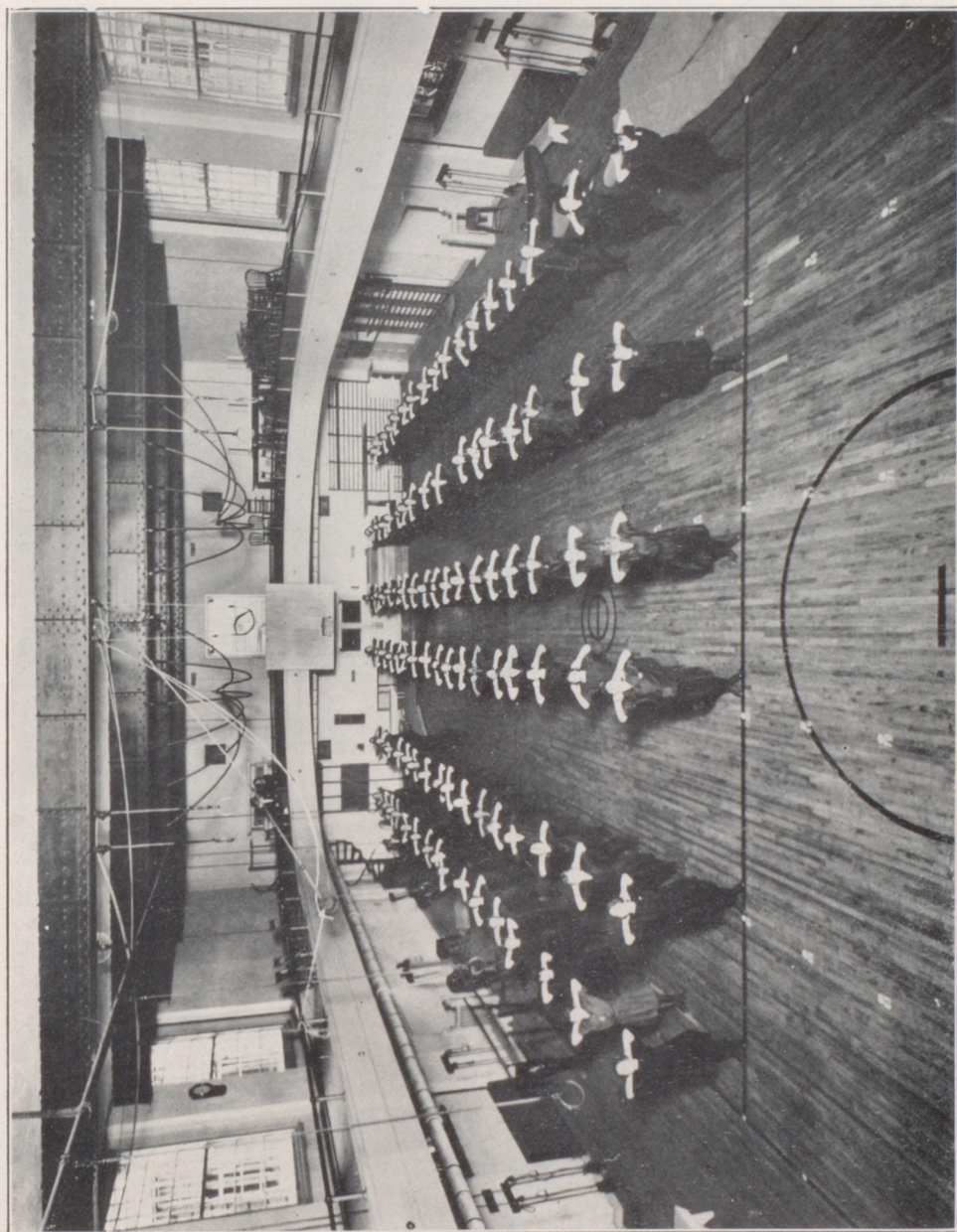
	Won	Lost	P. C.
Senior A	5	0	1.000
Senior B	5	0	1.000
Junior B	2	2	.500
Freshman A	2	3	.400
Freshman B	2	3	.400
Junior A	1	3	.250
Sophomore B	1	3	.250
Sophomore A	0	4	.000

Two years ago North Central easily won from the Lewis and Clark five in the series for the interscholastic championship of Spokane, taking the first three games by decisive scores and annexing the interscholastic championship of the city. Last year the two teams did not meet in their annual clash. This year the following schedule of games was given out:

The first game will be played on Wednesday, January 13, and the second game will be played on the Lewis and Clark floor, January 20. On January 27 the teams will meet on the North Central floor for the third game and the fourth game will be played on the floor across the river on February 3. The last game will be staged on the North Central floor on February 10.



GIRLS TENNIS CLUB



ATHLETIC BOARD

The Athletic Board has managed the football season exceedingly well. In spite of the decrease in attendance as compared with

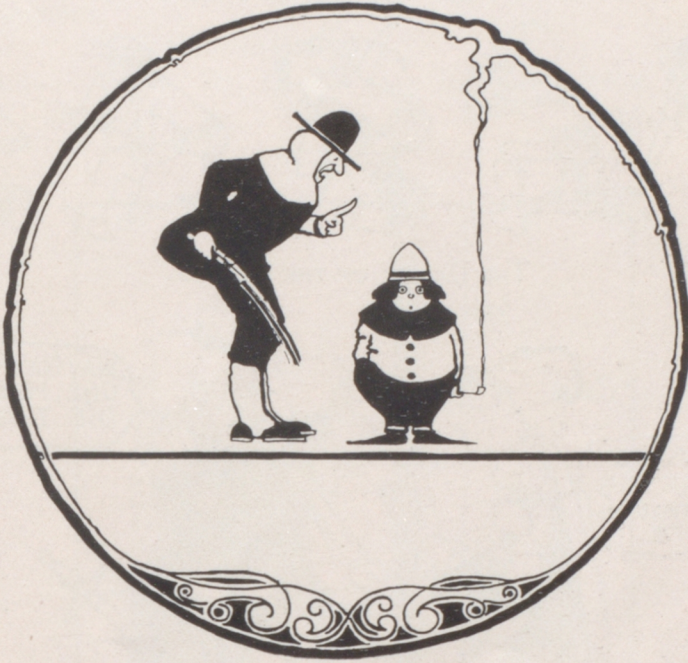


last year, it has managed to come through the season ahead financially.

The Board is composed of three members of the faculty, Mr. Moyer, Mr. Woodward, and Mr. Kennedy. The students on the Board are Robert Kolbe, Rex Anderson, Paul Cox, Reg Bullivant, and Ed Quigley.



Thomas Craxton



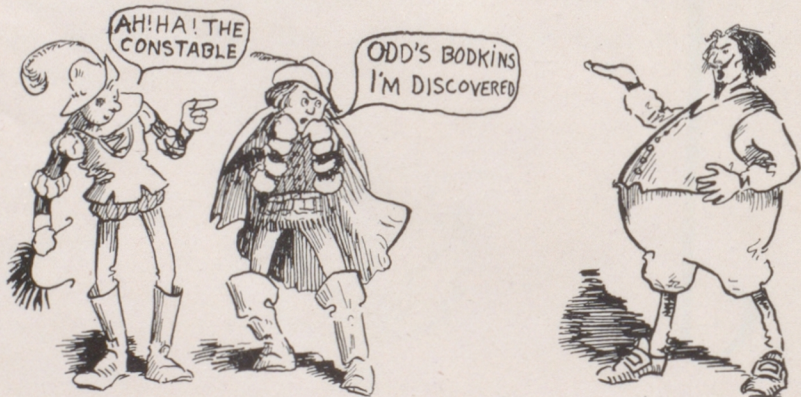
JOKES

One Hundred and Thirty-three

THE OPERETTA



THE DANCE OF THE KNAVES.



KING HAL.

ED QUIGLEY.

Freshman: "I see we're not going to have any more bald-headed teachers."

Senior: "Oh, is that so?"

Freshman: "Yes, Mr. Lienau says its hair-raising, the way we carry on!"—Ex.



An old gentleman once found Kolbe sitting at the base of a telegraph pole with a bucket, and asked, "Little man, what have you got in the bucket?"

"Catterpillars."

"What for?"

"Well, they eat the leaves off of trees, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sending them up this pole to fool 'em."

In speaking of clothes, all seams are not what they seem to be.—Ex.

Miss Bemiss (Ancient Hist.): "Six thousand men were chosen yearly, 1,000 of which were preserved."

(Ed. Note.—Did she mean "canned" or merely "pickled"?)

Roy Foley (hearing R. Kolbe coming up the stairs):

"By the creaking of the floor,
Here comes two hundred pounds or more."

I placed my watch on a table;
'Twas wound to run 'till dawn.
Next morning when I looked for it,
Wasn't going? Nay, 'twas gone!

—Ex.

Teacher: "What gives the flavor to honey?"

Pupil: "Cooking it."

Senior: "Ever take chloroform?"

Freshie: "No! Who teaches it?"

Mr. Collins (Economics): "Do they use gold for anything except as a luxury?"

Clare K.: "Golden rule at Washington."

Mr. Kaye: "Commodore Foote was aided by his gunboots."

Teacher: "Where is Irene Oliver, this morning?"

L. McEachren: "She isn't here, but her soul is."

Teacher: "My wife never called me that before we were married."

"Who was the 'Rock of Chicamauga'?"

R. Neely: "Sampson."

Mr. Collins (shaking student): "Sir, I believe Satan has hold of you."

WE DID, SAM DID AND THE BOYS DID.



PART OF OUR FOOTBALL PARADE.

26 TO 0



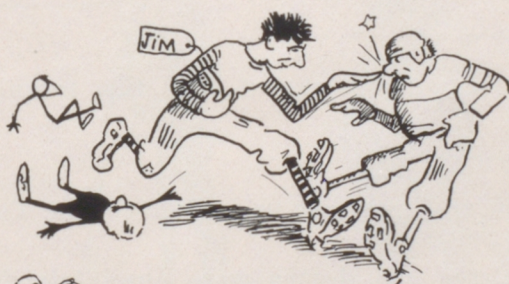
CAPTAIN ELECT
SKADAN.



COACH MOYER.



EX CAPTAIN
COLBY.



BEFORE AND AFTER THE GAME.

EDWARD

B.

QUIGLEY.

Mr. Kaye (dictating Hist. VIII note): "There were about 15,000 men engaged on each side of the Union and Confederate sides.

Helen T.: "I wonder how many were married."

Sweetest songster—Helen Hare
Cutest boy—Herbert Pefley
One most likely to become famous—Martin Johnson
Most bashful boy—David Kirk
Best Bluffer—Clare King
Smallest girl—Josephine Rhodes
History shark—Miriam Cooke
Most diligent scholar—John Groom
Best information bureau—Miss Bechtel
Noisiest boy—Cloud Smith
Authority on hair dressing—Vivian Bradley
Handsome teacher—Mr. Sawtelle
Best sport—Mary Endres
Most sought-after boy—Raymond Bevier
Prettiest girl—Much confusion

Mrs. Newed (wishing a \$74 hat): "I cook and cook for you, and what do I get? Nothing."

Mr. Newed: "You're lucky; I get indigestion."—Ex.

Mr. Hargreaves (Psychology): "We ought to put ourselves in the other man's shoes, so as to see through his eyes."

Simple Simon: "Gosh, I was so hungry at 7:60 this morning that I 8 o'clock."—Ex.

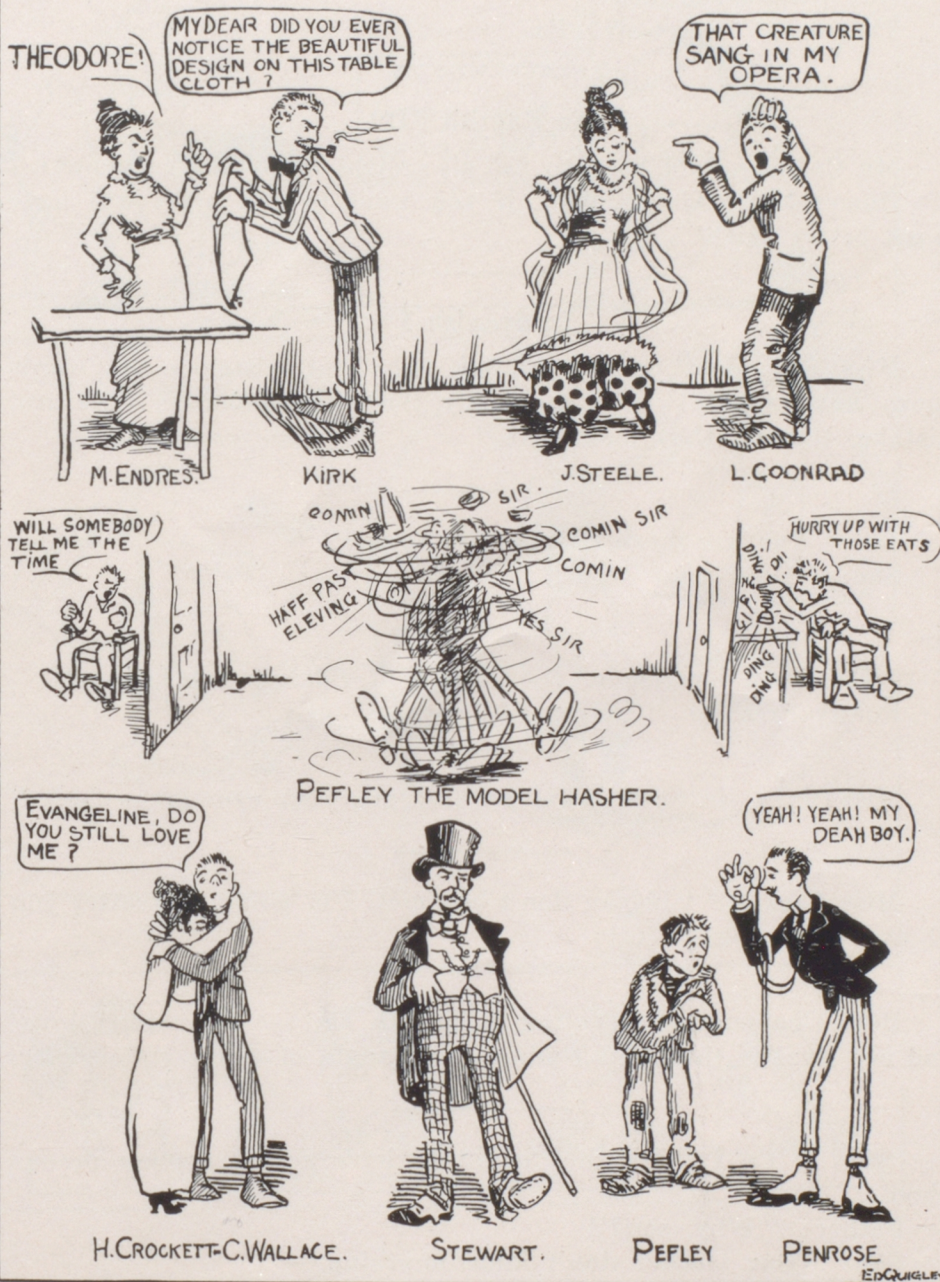
Miss Bemiss: "What was the interdict under which the Pope placed England in John's reign?"

J. A.: "All marriages, births and deaths were absolutely forbidden."

Mr. Hargreaves: "Truthfulness is the best policy at all times."

Carl W.: "Don't you think that lying is all right when done for the benefit of society?"

ALL THE COMFORTS. OF HOME.



If one notes carefully, it is very apparent that at least ninety-nine women out of a hundred press the push-buttons in the street cars with their thumbs. Can you think of any reason for this?

No; what's the idea?

They want to get off.—Ex.

In English VII

Mr. Coleman: "I have to fish all around today for an answer."

Homer McDonald: "Well, if you want to get one you'll have to get better bait."

In Spanish I

Miss Broomhall (to Lois Roper, who had mistaken the words 'mozo' and 'mono'): "The one is boy, the other is monkey. Natural mistake, though, they look alike."

He: "You are the breath of life to me!"

She: "Hold your breath."

"The exact location of the Garden of Eden is not known."

Funny Freshie: "Call up 2-8-1 Apple."—Ex.

Miss Olney (in Sewing VII): "Georgia, your eyes are wobbly."

Miss Bechtel: "If you don't be quiet, I'm going to scatter you all over the room!"

Beth Chapman (translating in French III): "I love! I love! And my rival is the child I adore—and **angle** of grace and beauty."

"Son: "Pa, I think they ought to have a new teacher in our school."

Father: "Why, son?"

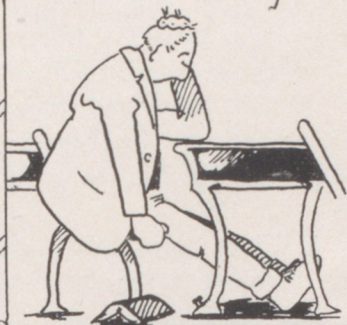
Son: "Our teacher don't know anything."

Father: "What makes you think so, son?"

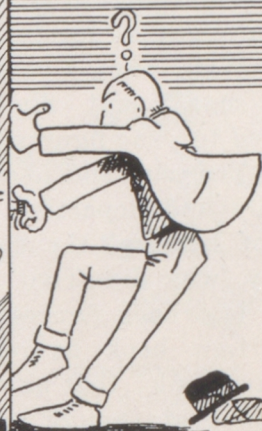
Son: "Because she always asks us so many questions."—Ex.

DID YOU EVER NOTICE —

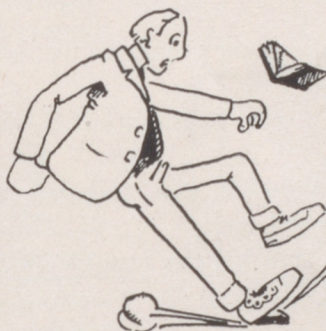
— That monday morning look ?



The one whose
locker wont
open at 8:29 ?



— Somebody slips in
the lower hall ?



Freshies
lunch



— Our Basket
ball center ?

E.

L.



— The fifth period gum chewers ?

In a negro settlement in Louisiana there is a justice of the peace who held court in a one room wooden shack. One day a culprit was brought in for being drunk.

"Well, Sam, I've got to fine you according to what the law book says," and, flipping over a few pages of a big book, he pointed to some figures and continued: "There it is, \$18.00. See it?"

"Yes, sir; and here's yo money," replied Sam, handing it out quickly and departing with a companion. When they had passed out of hearing, the companion began talking about the big fine. "Why, why didn't yo' argufy with the jedge an' git him to rejuce them law book figures?"

"Law book figures?" replied Sam. "Why, man, that ain't no law book; that ain't nothin' but a mail order catalogue. An' I wuz glad enough to pay him what he ast me, 'cause he only turned over as far as the baby buggies. If he'd turned over to the ottermobiles he'd sent me up for life!"—Ex.

"'Twas here I was struck with the inimies' bullet," said Pat, pointing to his heart.

"But if you had been shot through the heart, you'd uv been killed!"

Pat: "At the time I was shot me heart was in me mout."—Ex.

Student: "A phrenologist is a person that can tell by the bumps on your head what kind of a man you are."

Pat: "Begorra, I think he could till better by the bumps on me head what kind ow a woman me wife is!"—Ex.

Got His Number

"I'm sorry to tell you, mum, that I'll be leaving you, next week. I'm going to get married.

"That so, Emma? Who is the lucky man?"

"He's a policeman, mum. On this beat, too."

"That's fine; I wish you joy. And what is his name?"

"I don't know yet, mum; but his number is 518."—Ex.

He Was the Man

Hotel Waiter—Are you the gentleman who has been ringing all the time, sir?

Farmer Hayseed (at the electric bell)—I dunno. I just lost me collar stud, and was trying to dig this little un out of the wall with my knife.—Philadelphia Ledger.



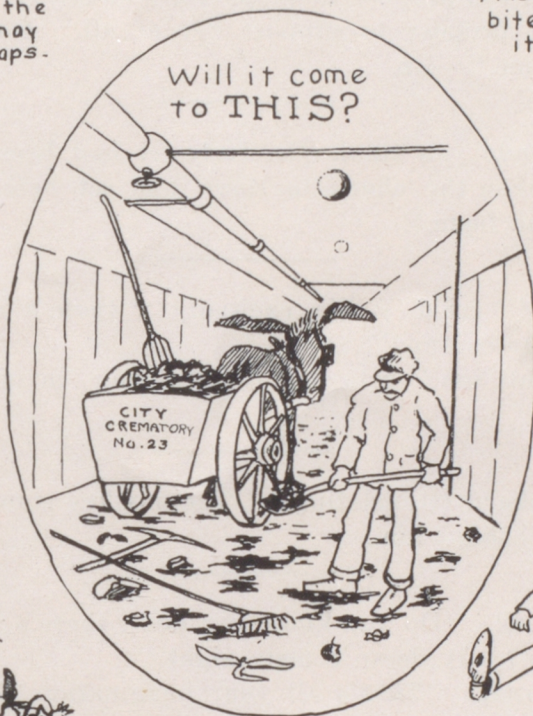
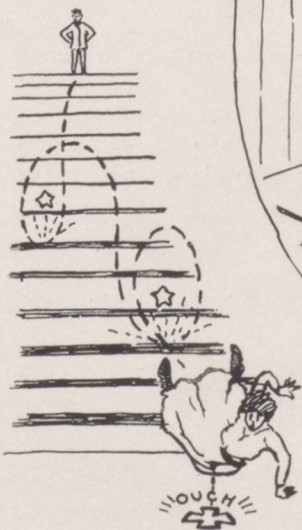
•• The 'All of Fame •• (Not)



Every day occurrence.
Great wreck in the
hall. Injured may
recover— Perhaps.

And only one
bite out of
it too!!

Sic
Semper
Tyrannis
!!!



If you don't like your
teacher—



Herman Pounds •• 1914 ••

Query—Is it a sitting or a setting hen?

Answer—It does not seem to matter much which way we say it; but when she cackles it does matter much whether she is a laying hen or a lying (lieing) hen.—Ex.

“Mabel, I am drawn on the grand jury.”

“So am I, Gertrude.”

“Our responsibilities will be heavy.”

“I realize that. What shall we wear?”—Ex.

“How did you propose to support my daughter, sir?”

“I didn’t propose to support her at all. I only proposed to her to marry me.”—Ex.

“What made you think Mr. Lovewet had been drinking?”

“Why, when the charlotte russe was set before him, he tried to blow off the foam.”

“Oh, dad!” cried Willie, excitedly; “there’s a big black bug crawling on the ceiling!”

“All right, son,” returned the professor, in midst of an essay, “step on it.”

Louis Hibbard (translating): “The monkey stood up and walked with his feet behind him.”

Mr. Sipprell: “Do you know, my dear, there’s something wrong with this cake? It doesn’t taste right.”

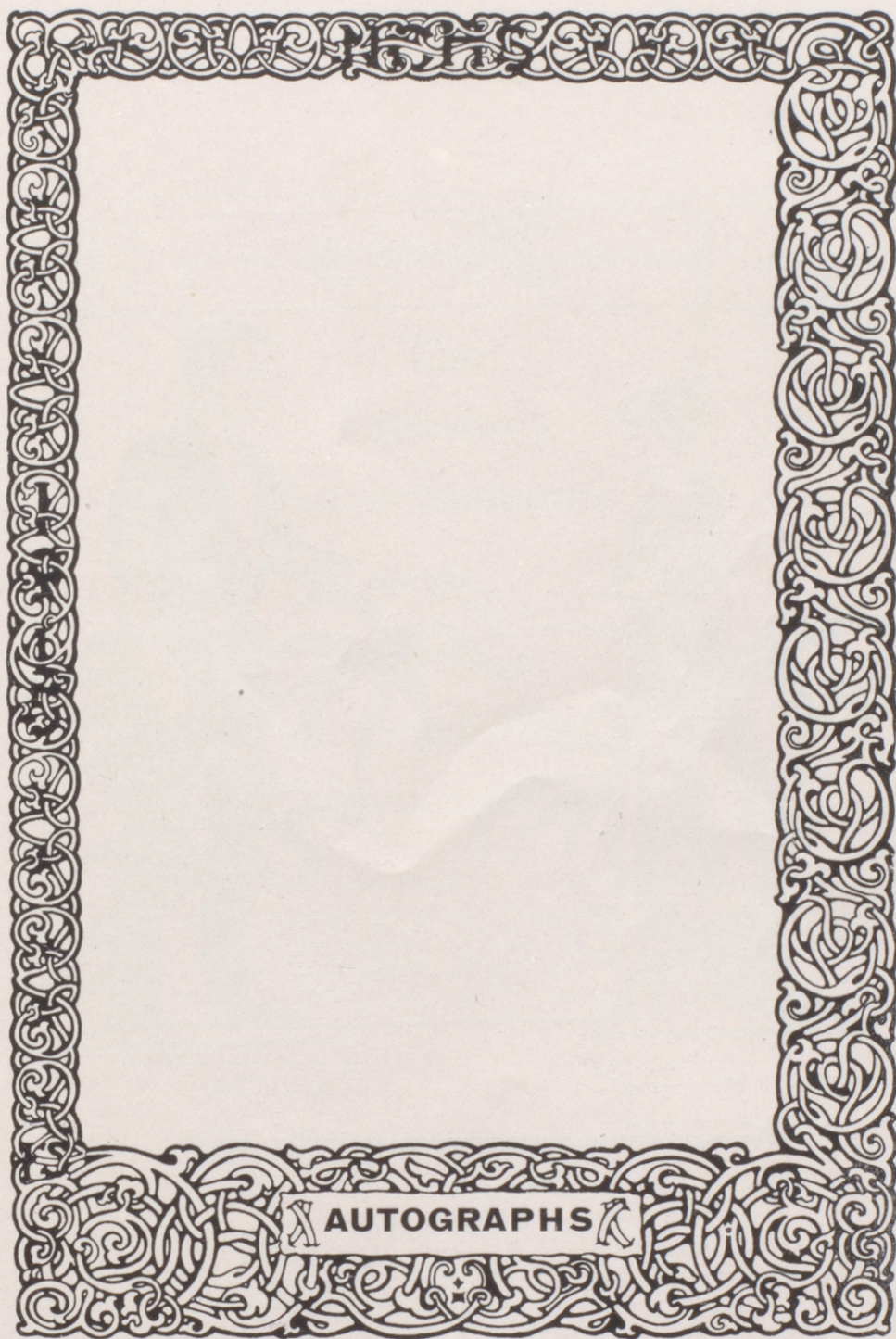
Mrs. Sipprell: “That’s all your imagination, for my new cook book says it is very delicious.—Ex.”

Father: “Say, my son, why is it that your marks are always low after Christmas?”

Son: “Well, you see, father, they always mark everything down after Christmas?”—Ex.

Cop—What are you doing under that bench?

Tramp—I am under a(r)rest.—Ex.



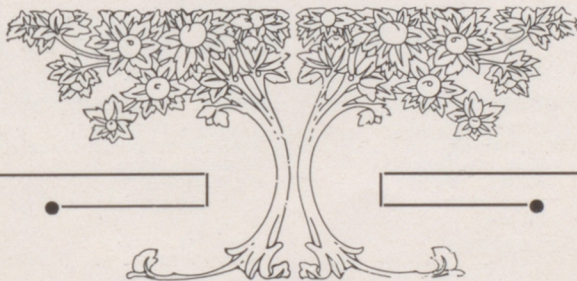
Finis



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of Spokane's
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OUR ADVERTISERS HAVE GIVEN
DURING THE PAST YEAR. AND
HOPE THEIR SUPPORT HAS BEEN
MERITED BY THE CONSTANT
PATRONAGE OF EVERY NORTH
: : : CENTRAL STUDENT : : :

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Business Manager



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Palm
Tamarack Bakery
Uno

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*The L. R. Dolby Co. was omitted in the "Classifieds" of last issue.

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Main 27

SECOND FLOOR JONES BUILDING
Where The Tamarack is Printed

Main 27

“Wot! Bawlin’ ’cause yer girl’s shook you? Why, say, only yestiddy ’leven of me fiances jilted me, and did I holler? Nit!”

We read about a regiment of Russians that fell into a river with a collapsed bridge and were rescued by the timely arrival of a Finnish brigade—nothing like having good Finns when you’re in the water.

Any one wishing lessons on the latest dancing, please refer to the Reed-Stone Dancing Academy, Room 215, Periods 1 and 5. Specialty on the Staircase Twinkle.

“Say, have you seen Miss Apple?”
“Which one?”

“Why, Cor-a Apple, of course.”

History Teacher—“On one hand (pointing to the map) we have the far-stretching country of Europe. On the other hand what have we?”

Voice in back of room—“Warts.”

Women’s Capes

Cape of Good Hope—Sweet sixteen.

Cape Flattery—Twenty.

Cape Lookout—Twenty-five.

Cape Fear—Thirty.

Cape Farewell—Forty.—Ex.

If Mr. Hargreaves can tell who skips periods, what can Mr. Sawtelle?

Miss Scantlebury—“What is pasteurized milk?”

Freshie—“It is milk from cows kept in a pasture.”

Miss Broomhall—“En France il ya des classes de premier secoius aux blesses.”

Pupil—“In France there is some classes of first aid to the blessed.”

A. D.—“Why is a spider a good correspondent?”

M. E.—“Because he drops a line at every post.”

Miss Hamilton (in sewing)—“Girls, I wish you would be less quiet.”

Mr. Rice (Harmony)—“Lila, give the definition of a major scale.”

Lila C.—“Ta, ta!”

If the Old National Bank invited some dairy up on top of their building to get a Broadview of the city, maybe Hazlewood. From there, they could see Pine Creek, but what would Guernsey (see)?

Mr. Ecker—“You all remember how much fun they made of Bryan, twenty years ago?”

Lillie M.—“Yes, I believe I do.”

Mr. Collins—“Name five living Americans who have great imaginations.”

Student—“William Shakespeare, Alfred Tennyson, Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Collins.”

Mr. Rice (at opera practice)—“Now, Carol, you must hold ‘Oh’ longer.”

Carol—“Well, Mr. Rice, I’ve changed that, as I’d rather hold the King.”

The Palace

CORNER MAIN AVE. AND POST ST.

SPOKANE'S POPULAR CASH STORE

THE STORE FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

It's a Matter of Price Quality and Style

A



GOOD TIME TO COMMENCE
the practice of frugality is in the
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You can, by purchasing your apparel and garment necessities here, save money.

This is a fact that is just as provable as a problem in mathematics. For instance The Palace is a cash store, buying and selling for cash. This makes it possible for us to sell for less. Goods sold here are of such substantial quality as to be guaranteed and every garment passes a rigid style inspection.

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Clothes are
Just as Es-
sential as
Any Thing**

*To be sure of them get
them at Hurd's.*

Experts will advise you.

R. J. Hurd & Co.

**Riverside at
Stevens St.**

Father—"Now, what's the old hen eating those tacks for?"

Harry (just home from college)—
"Perhaps she is going to lay a carpet."—Ex.

Translating German

"His eyes came back from the distance, rolled over to me and stuck."—Ex.

Let him now laugh
Who never laughed before,
And he who always laughs
Now laugh some more.

—Ex.

"What made Vulcan lame?"

"He was walking on Mt. Olympus and slipped on a thunder peal."—Ex.

"In olden days the liver was the seat of affection. What is it now?"

"The knee."—Ex.

An empty head, like an empty wagon, rattles much more than a full one, in each case, the tongue pilots the rattle.—Ex.

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurts, alack;
I think I'll go again tonight,
And put the blame thing back.

—Ex.

"Going to war, Ivan?"

"I am!"

"Better trim those whiskers a trifle."

"Why should I do that?"

"You might be accused of sniping from ambush."—Ex.

Geometry Teacher (explaining a hard theorem)—"Now, class, look at the board, and I will run through it quickly for you."—Ex.

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Fine Candies, Fountain
and Luncheons

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NEXT TO CLEM

We're not from Missouri or
Kalamazoo,

But while you wait we fix your
shoe;

We fix them right, that's all
there's to it,

For we're the boys that know
how to do it.

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Down to a Price.

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O. K. WISDOM, Proprietors

Genevieve E.—“Do you like tea?”
Riley D.—“No, I like the next
letter.”

Mr. Bonser—“I have discovered a
new kind of apple, which I call the
‘Early Bird.’”

Mr. Sanborn—“Why the name?”

Mr. B.—“Because it always catches
the worm.”

Freshie B (in gym) — “What’s
that?”

Freshie A—“Why, that’s the hori-
zontal bar.”

Freshie B—“And is that guy stand-
ing next to it the bar-tender?”

Heard in Eng. II:

“At the age of eighteen months,
Scott was seized with a teething fever
in his leg.”



Hot Chocolate and Wafers

Hot Chocolate Sundae

Hot Chicken Tamales

Hot Oyster Cream Stew

**These and other Hot
Drinks always Ready**

Staples
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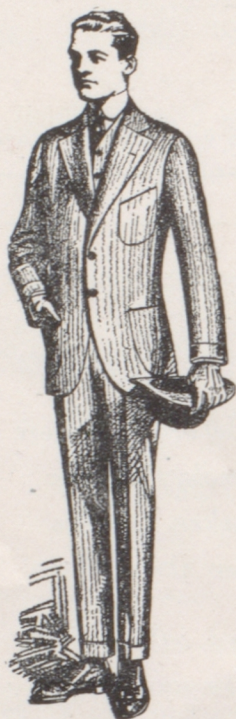
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We have young men who understand your tastes to wait on you. We give you satisfactory service and absolutely guarantee everything we sell.

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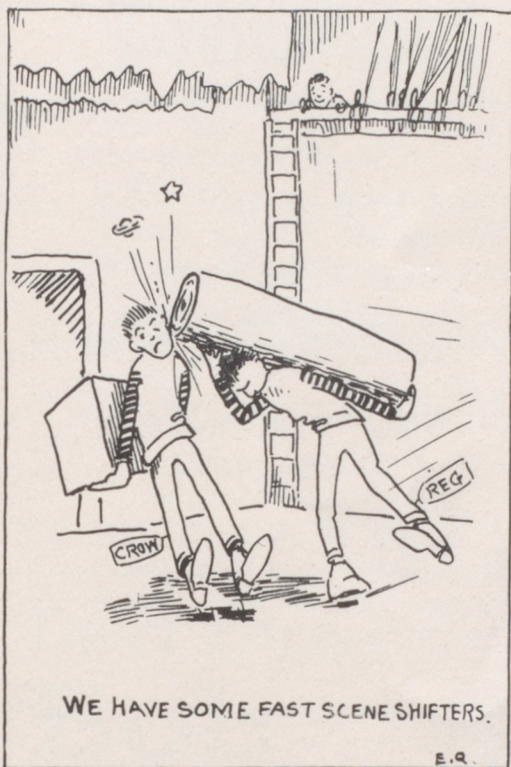
\$20.00 and \$25.00

Clothes

Culbertson Grote-Rankin
Company

Mr. Kreider (in Chemistry)—That reminds me of the old song, "When the Salts of the Desert Grow Cold."

A man rushed into the store and asked for a mouse-trap quick—said he wanted to catch a train!—Ex.



Carol H. (in Opera Practice, while Guy is singing)—Do you know I think Guy holds "me" too long?

Miss Bigelow—If I put an ink bottle on this book, wouldn't it be coherence?

Freshie—No, it would be a bottle.

Julia C. (in Chemical Lab.)—What are you doing, Ethyl?

Ethyl C.—I'm evaporating.

Mr. Ecker (German I) — Marston, what does "uberall" mean?

Marston N.—I think it means overalls.



Your Personal Appearance

Can you, without a feeling of embarrassment, act your part?

A well-groomed man has the air of confidence.

Luther has barbers who can barb you to perfection.

If it be a haircut, you get **absolutely** the best. He does not employ novices, they are men of **experience**.

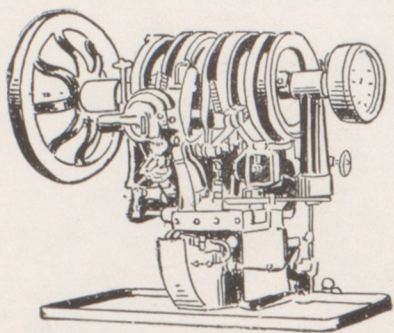
He does not allow his men to bore you with suggestions as to being in need of this or that. You get what you ask for and to the best of their ability.

I recommend his shop as being the best I have ever patronized.

—H. M. R.



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HIGH CLASS REPAIRS

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The one loaf of bread which makes people
"bread hungry," revives jaded appetites
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Every bite invites another—and every bite
is exactly right.

A "baker's bread" loaf so good it wins the
"home baking" housewife.

SPOKANE BAKERY CO.

Wholesale Manufacturers

Just Supposing

1. "Melvindale" B. shot a tame duck.
2. Gordon C. dyed his hair.
3. Irene O. should lose Lew.
4. Ralph N. graduated in long trousers.
5. "Wiggs" C. got real witty.
6. Ross F. got canned.
7. Helen B. grew bashful.
8. Morton M. refused to talk.
9. Esther W. lost her Beat.
10. Lena W. got real peeved.

Sound travels at the rate of 400
yds. per sec.

Exceptions to this rule—

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—Ex.

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"It's a Long Way to Tipperary"

The Most Popular Song of
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get one at once.

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Designs and estimates furnished.

Reference—Most anyone that has been in
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\$15.00 Mackinaws	\$11.25

Blue Serge Suits included

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Hayes & Woolley Co.

Quality Corner

SPRAGUE AND STEVENS

I see the Spokane River is sick.
How's that?

Oh, it had several falls, was confined to its bed, and is running down still.—Ex.

Mr. Ramsey (His. VII)—“Why did the soldiers suffer at Valley Forge?”

Student—“I don't know.”

Mr. R.—“Well, they had the clothes, but they didn't have them in the right place.”

Mr. Endslow (assigning physics lesson)—“Begin with lightning and go to thunder.”

A friend of mine married a suffragette, the other day. Poor chap! He's suffering more now than he suffered yet!!

(Nobody home but the baker and he loafed around. No wonder he's ill-bread!)—Ex.

Freshie — “Ma, how old is that lamp?”

Mother—“About three years.”

Freshie—“Turn it down, it's too young to smoke.”

Mr. Prickett—“Is 'ain't' a good word?”

Fred R.—“No.”

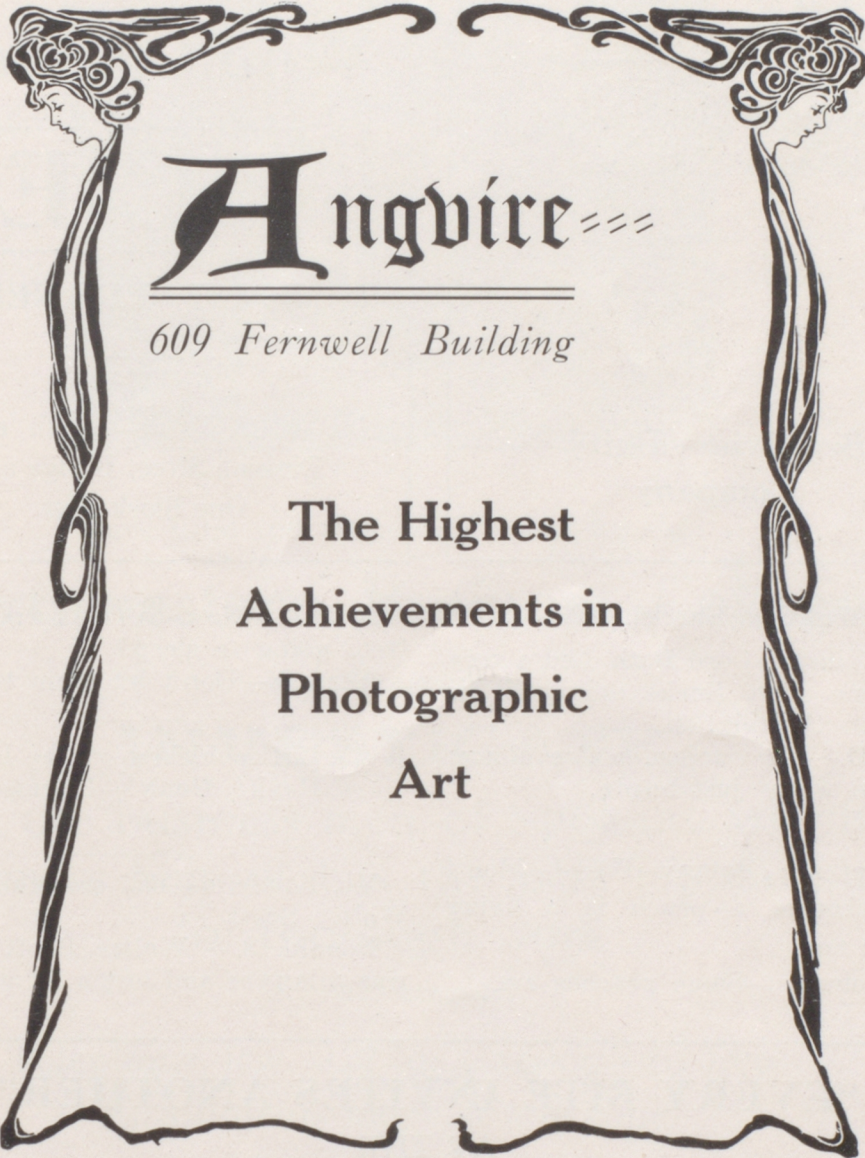
Mr. P.—“Why?”

F. R.—“Because it ain't.”

A couple of Freshies were eating their lunch on the lawn.

First Freshie—“Look at those Senior boys, looking at us eat.”

Second Freshie — “Yes, why don't they eat themselves?”



Angvire

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PRODUCTS
ARE BEST**



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Company**

Diamond
Ice and Fuel Co.

Wood :: Coal

I C E

BOTH PHONES

S. F. & N. Yards--North end of
Division Street Bridge and
One Block East

Heard in English VII

Miss Wilson—Lord Bath died a very short time after Burke delivered his speech on Conciliation.

Will D.—No wonder, we're almost dead and we've just begun.

Margie A. (Botany II)—I 'don't know whether a peach is a living thing or not.

Mr. Johnson—Some peaches are.

Teal R.—How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?

Alice Q.—Don't let them turn in.

Little chicken on the lea,
Honk! Honk!—Fricassee.

—Ex.

Mr. Sawtelle—Tell something about Walter Scott.

Donald S.—Walter Scott's father was a lawyer and lost a lot of suits.

“EVERY BITE INVITES ANOTHER”
AT THE
Tamarack Bakery Lunch

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Maxwell 2924

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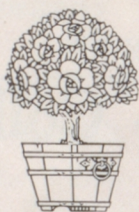
Main 306

---Get the Habit

of dropping into our store whenever you are downtown. We are always glad to see students in our place. Our Winter Fountain Menu is quite enticing. Use our Punch and Ice Cream for your dances and entertainments.

Cut Flowers Floral Decorations

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UP-TO-DATE FLORISTS

722 Riverside Avenue and
The Davenport Hotel

Phones: Main 5 A-2322 SPOKANE

No wonder the corn was shocked when the pumpkin said to the watermelon, "I'll be squashed if we cantaloupe."—Ex.

Heard on a downtown street corner:

Chronicle New s b o y — Chronicle! Chronicle! All about the defeat of the seven thousand Germans!

Press Boy (interrupting)—Go on, you seab! I got ten thousand. Press, Mister?

You would not knock
The things we use,
Could you but see
What we refuse,

Miss Bickley — "Please notice that Gym Class will meet on the bulletin board."

Girls who eat at Armstrong's are sweet,
The boys both brave and true;
They all win fame in class or game,
We hope that this means you.

N 1 8 1 6 Howard Street

HOT SANDWICHES
ICE CREAM

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LEAVE BOOKS OR PARCELS

SODA FOUNTAIN

The Frat Clothing for Young Men



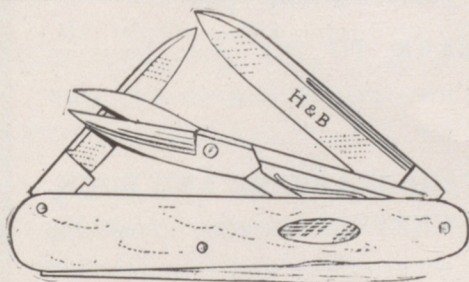
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IT BACK."

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THE TIME and effort one puts into school is just as much of an investment as is the money the merchant puts into his stock.

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LEARN TO DO what business men are willing to pay you for doing.

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ENROLL NOW and be ready for a position next summer or fall.

The Blair Business College

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Corner First and Madison

Freshie (reading theme)—“He had on a coat with long tails and trousers to match—”

Miss Sammons—I would have left out the trousers and let him go at that.

Carl N.—Say, conductor, do you allow dogs on this car?

Conductor—Sit down and you won't be noticed.

Ye Proclamation!!

Witness this, ye loyal North Centralers:

Laverne Peterson, alias “St. Peter,” Blondy the Woman-hater, “Snowflake Pete,” etc., has of late assumed a great affection for one dark-eyed Spanish maid, in our midst, one Senoritta Hazel R5, for which the said Pete is sentenced to 2 days in a room filled with portraits of the said fair damsel.

N. B.—We hope this may cure the false villain.

Mr. Collins—Why are the Middle Ages called the Dark Ages?

Intelligent Soph.—Because there were so many Knights.

Freshie (in 9B Algebra trying to read the quantity 3A3)—How do you say that? Three A triplets.

Miss Fehr (German I)—What term would you use in addressing a stranger?

Student—Sie.

Miss F.—What form for a fellow student?

Stu.—Ihr.

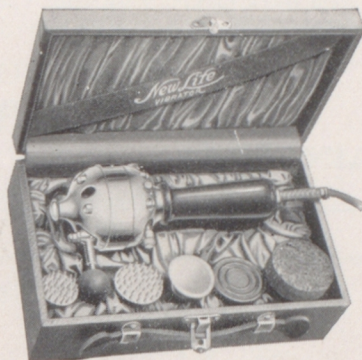
Miss F.—Now what would you use for dog or teacher?

Silence!!!

Miss Bechtel—Why were the morality plays in the church?

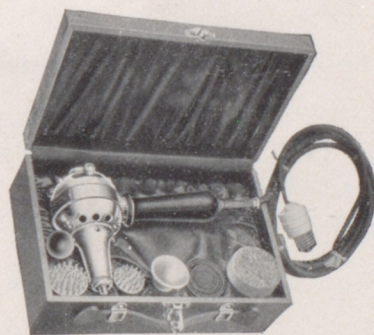
Dave M. — To make the sermons more interesting.

ELECTRIC VIBRATORS AT CUT PRICES



THE FAMOUS “TRY-NEW-LIFE” VIBRATOR, WITH ONE-THIRTIETH HORSE-POWER MOTOR AND SIX APPLICATORS FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALL VARIETIES OF DISEASES. WRITTEN GUARANTEE GIVEN WITH EACH VIBRATOR. REGULAR PRICE \$25.00—

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Howard and Main Lincoln and Riverside

Buying New Garments ?

☞ Don't decide to buy a new garment until you have talked with the CRYSTAL about cleansing and repairing the old one.

☞ You will be surprised to learn what can be done to prolong the life of a garment thought to be useless.

"I AM YOUR BOSOM FRIEND"

CRYSTAL LAUNDRY

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0701 Howard



Choice Cut Flowers
Corsage Boquets

Fancy Decorated Baskets make
beautiful Graduation Gifts.

Special attention given to
Students

A. J. BURT'S

HOUSE OF FLOWERS

Cor. Riverside and Lincoln
Spokane

C. Wallace—"Do you believe in studying the dead languages, such as Latin and Greek?"

C. Upton—"Not unless you're going to be an undertaker."

Mr. Hargreaves—"Tw'os company, you know."

Mary E. (in loud whisper)—
Three's a crowd."

Mr. H.—"Oh, I know what you're thinking about."

Father's in the garden, straining all
his nerves,
Mother's in the kitchen, straining her
preserves,
Brother's straining his muscles, but he
can't rejoice,
For sister's in the parlor, straining her
poor voice.

—Ex.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Boys' Red & Black Lunch Room

HOT HOME COOKED LUNCHES
QUICK SERVICE :: GOOD EATS

724 Nora Ave.

**MEET
ME**

at

The
“Y”

HAT BOX

\$2.00 \$2.00 \$2.00

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GRADUATION

IS NEARING

Let us top you with your new
Lid - - \$2.00

100 Styles to Choose From

HAT BOX

LEE

MEL

LOOK US UP

for Winter Footwear of any description. Our stock is complete. We have reduced prices on our entire line of Felt Slippers. Ladies' \$1.25 to \$1.75 values, while they last, 89c pair. Rubbers for the entire family—prices the lowest.

Nettleton Shoe Store

N. 614 MONROE ST.

Ruth G.—“I feel just like I look this morning.”

About two minutes later—“I feel fine this morning, girls.”

Did Hamlet Shakespeare Steele Lamb and Bacon to Boyle?—Ex.

Pupil (entering library)—“I want the life of Julius Caesar.”

Jessie B.—“I’m sorry, but Brutus is ahead of you.”

Be it ever so homely, there is no face like our own.—Ex.

Mr. Bonser declares that our ears should be nine inches long. Don’t be alarmed—our ears of corn.

Miss Bemiss—“It was a very dark night at about three o’clock in the morning when the Gauls attacked the Capitol.”

Paradise Lost—Finder please return to Mr. O. P. Lieneau.

Miss Bigelow (in Eng.)—“Reg, do you understand the first act of Macbeth?”

Reg—“I did before I read the notes to it.”

Mr. Gundry (to Arithmetic Class)—“Please write your numbers on the board so I can see them without looking.”

Example of rhyme from the Idylls of the King:

“Blows, knows, and goes.”
(Blows nose and goes.)



WALK-OVER SHOES

Worn Here, There and Everywhere



Why not let your next pair be "Walk-Overs"

ALLAN & SHUART'S

WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP

719 RIVERSIDE AVENUE

A High School Menu

Rally Appetizer

Soup

Cream of H₂ SO₄

Electrolysis of Water

Meats

German a la King

Entrees

Oral Report

Recitations Fried in Brains

Geometry Figures a la Board

Desserts

Quizzes a la Carte

Flunks a la Carte

Nuts to Crack

Fruits of Revenge

—Ex.

Miss Bigelow—"What is an island?"
Freshie—"A pimple on the face of
the earth."

HEADQUARTERS
FOR

GYM SUITS

Basket Ball Uniforms

and

TRACK SUITS



L. M. VARNEY

So. 208 HOWARD
STREET

Riv. 1 7 1 0

Established 1889

Phone Main 3185

RICHARD SCHACHT

JEWELER

Granite Block

403 RIVERSIDE AVE.

Spokane, Wash.

The Victoria Hair Cutting Shop

Located in Hotel Victoria :-: First Ave. and Wall St.



THE POPULAR MILITARY HALF POMPADOUR

This head of hair was at first almost impossible to dress ---
Notice results obtained after six months
cutting and proper care.

THE VICTORIA HAIR CUTTING SHOP

Josef Krummeck, *Manager*

The Victoria Hair Cutting Shop

Located in Hotel Victoria :-: First Ave. and Wall St.

Our Motive

To the Students and Faculty of the North Central High School:

My 22 years experience in conducting barber shops has taught me the necessity of establishing a hair trimming shop in order to obtain better results in this branch of our work and also of assuring the public that by conducting such a shop the standard of hair trimming and greater satisfaction can be had.

I also realize that in order to be successful in operating a hair trimming shop that the essentials to success must be known and constantly carried out, such as:

- (1) **Honest, conscientious service without annoying customer with suggestions for more work than he planned to have done.**
- (2) Long experienced men with a detailed knowledge of hair trimming and the full meaning of the word service.
- (3) An exact system and the knowledge of the principal of critical hair trimming.

These and others have been practised and our growth has been phenomenal; starting with one chair two years ago we are now conducting a six chair shop having enlarged three times.

Our large patronage from the school proves that the students appreciate our efforts and has convinced us that where service is given by the advertiser The Tamarack is a paying medium.

THE VICTORIA HAIR CUTTING SHOP

Josef Krummeck, *Manager*

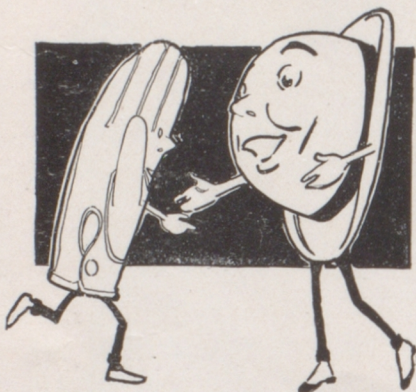


"A
KIND
FOR
EVERY
TASTE"

KRAUSE'S

PACKAGE CHOCOLATES

Will meet the approval of all friends
on your Christmas list.



GLAD YOU'RE BACK

Arrived Before the Commerce Tie-up

Full line of the most artisoeratic
Derbies, with that smart old Lunnon
block; also American-made Hats—Felts,
Caps and Silks—all fashioned for the
fellow that knows good headwear.

Hart, Shaffner & Marx
Clothes Shop

Mr. Owl (to young pelican, who is
posing for his portrait)—“See here,
young man, just because I have to
paint at night is no reason why you
have to fall asleep and open your
mouth so I can’t see your face.”—
Ex.

What nut has not a shell?

Answer—Doughnut.

Mr. Kaye—“How many pages of
outside reading have you done this
week?”

G. C.—“I couldn’t read on account
of my eyes.”

Mr. K.—“Are they still on the
diet?”

Mr. Kaye (His. VII)—“How did
Missouri become a slave state?”

C. Upton—“They stuck slaves in
it.”

Phone Maxwell 339

01723 Monroe Street

PEORIA MARKET

M. L. BUSH, Prop.

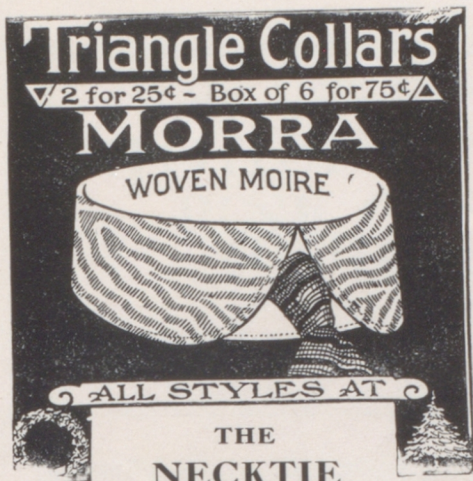
FRESH, SMOKED
AND SALT

MEATS

POULTRY, GAME
AND FISH

Res. 720 Mansfield Ave.

Spokane, Wash.



AND COLLAR SHOP

==
 OPEN EVENINGS
 ==

Mrs. Harry L. King
 S. 14 Howard St.

War's Effect on Linens

Although the price on raw flax has raised from £21 (pounds sterling) to £64 per ton our prices on Irish Linens today are as low as before the war began. We have now on the way a large shipment from the makers in Ireland which will be placed on sale at old prices. We may not be able to do this later. Do not delay to take advantage of this offer at once, as this shipment will be in stock before this ad is published.

Miller, Mower & Flynnne

Riverside and Monroe St.,
 Spokane, Wash.

We Thank Our Friends

And we count all of the high school students as our friends, for the most liberal patronage during the past year, and hope by an always pleasing service of highest quality in all our lines to warrant a continuance of same.

The Palm
 TRADE MARK

McEachern-Bishop Printing Company

MAKERS OF
GOOD PRINTING

Where 'The Tamarack'
is Printed



JONES BUILDING
MAIN 1455



PROMPT SERVICE

Prices Consistent with Good Business Policy

If you want pure Milk and Cream delivered at
the right time and sold at the right
price call

PINE CREEK DAIRY CO.

168 So Division Street
Riverside 11

SPEND AN HOUR AND
A NICKLE AT
THE REX

The Photoplay House of Big
Values for a Small
Price



All strictly first-run films with
complete change of program
every Sunday, Monday, Wednesday
and Friday.

—FOR—
**GRADUATION
GIFTS**



In Reliable Jewelry
Diamonds and Watches



SEE
Sartori & Wolff

Makers of Fine Jewelry
417 Sprague Ave.

H. I. SOMERS, Company

MANUFACTURERS OF
LADIES' AND MEN'S SHIRTS

Pennants, Pillows and Arm Bands

Athletic Goods of All Kinds
Track and Gym Suits

811-13 Second Avenue

SPOKANE, WASH.

TOMLINSON'S Inc.

BROADWAY AT
MONROE

Remodeling and Expansion Sale

All Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats and Balmaccans reduced. Blues and blacks included

\$25.00 Values\$18.75

\$18.00 Values\$13.85

\$20.00 Values\$15.85

\$15.00 Values\$11.85

We Show an Exceptional Line of Fine Serges. Inspection Invited.

Give Us A Call

We have a very good line
of Hardware and Sporting
Goods. We also carry quite
a complete line of Furniture,
also Tennis Goods.

VINTHER & NELSON

COMPANY

N. 706 MONROE

"Johnny," inquired the Sunday-school teacher, "and what did Simon say?"

Quick as a flash came the answer, "Simon says, 'Thumbs up!'"—Ex.

Grand Vizer—"Your Majesty, the cream of our army has been whipped and is now freezing. What would you advise?"

Sultan—"Add a few cherries and serve."—Ex.

An Irishman and a German were arguing about the navies of Great Britain and Germany.

The Harp—"England's got 4,000 battleships."

The Pretzel—"Is dot so! Vair iss dose ships?"

The Harp—"D'ye think I'd tell you, you German spy!"—Ex.

U-NO

1705

N. HOWARD

Our business is fine,

So are our lunches.

Get in the line,

Come along in bunches.

The "Tamarack" has treed you

While we feed you—

U-No the rest,

U-No our lunch is best.

U-NO

1705

N. HOWARD

W. E. SAVAGE

DRUGGIST :: N1823 MONROE STREET

Successor to Sollars Bros.

Pure Drugs
Perfumes
Cigars

Stationery
Candy

Toilet Articles
Magazines
Sundries

Use Our Phone

Phone your order to us—we deliver free of charge

MAXWELL 289

Graduation Gifts

For the Sweet Girl Graduate—A BEAUTIFUL BOX OF HURD'S FINE STATIONERY handsomely embossed with monogram or initial; engraved calling cards.

For the Young Man—A GOOD WATERMAN IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN.

For Either—AN EASTMAN KODAK.

GIBSON'S HAND-COLORED GRADUATION CONGRATULATION CARDS

Weddings

Correctness of style, good form, fine workmanship and artistic finish characteristic features of the Wedding Invitations and Announcements and engraved work produced by us.

Correspondence Papers

The latest sizes and styles in Hurd's Lawn Finish, just received.

Shaw & Borden Co.

Printers, Stationers and Engravers
325-327 Riverside 326-328 Sprague

Seven Shines for 50c

Spokane Shoe Shining Parlor

Gust S. Miralis, Proprietor

LADIES' DEPARTMENT

We Clean White Suede and Buckskin Shoes 25c pair.

610 Riverside Ave.

Next to Exchange Nat'l Bank

EFFICIENCY IN SCHOOL

DEPENDS LARGELY
UPON THE EYES

If the visual or muscular apparatus is deficient, severe headaches, or a strained feeling in and about the eyes is the result.

Assistance is gratefully accepted by these strained eyes, and school work greatly facilitated.

Let Us Assist You

The King Optical Co.

613 RIVERSIDE AVE. SPOKANE

Established 1890

Good Printing Quick



The Franklin Press

WILLCOX & POWER

5½ S. Howard St.

Phone Main 1366

A Sure Cure for Love Sickness

Take 12 oz. of dislike, 1 lb. of resolutions, 2 gr. of common sense, 2 gr. of experience, a long sprig of time, and 3 qts. of cooling water of consideration. Set over the gentle fire of love, and sweeten with forgetfulness. Skim with the spoon of melancholy, and put in the bottom of your heart. Cook it well with a clear conscience, let it remain, and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses.

These things can be had at the druggist's at the house of understanding, next door to reason, on Resident Street, in the Village of Contentment, and in the Beautiful State of Happiness.

Directions

Take when the spell comes on.—Ex.

Mr. Hargreaves (in Psychology)—“Talking of personality, you take some person and stick a pin in his heart and it's gone.”

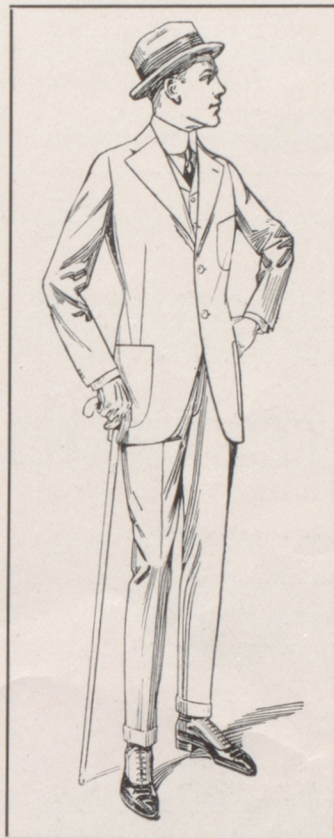
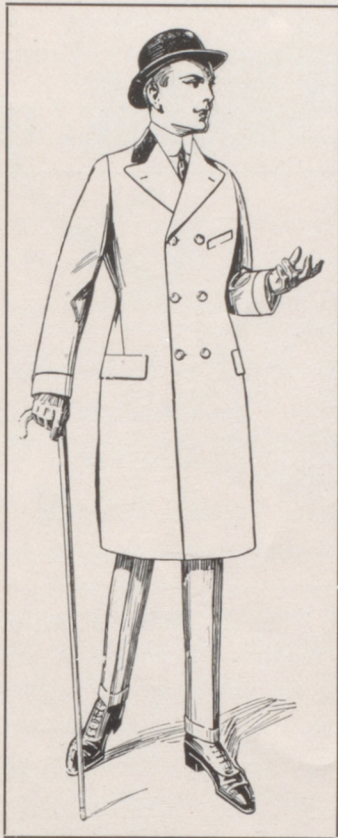
(The pin, the heart, or the personality?)

If you are in doubt whether to kiss a girl or not, give her the benefit of the doubt.

“Children,” said the teacher, instructing a class in composition, “you should not write any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves,—write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside source.”

As a result of this advice, F. Bird turned out the following: “We should not write any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy, and my dinner.”

It Pays to Trade at the IXL



Wishing our many Friends and Students of the North Central High School who are now entering upon the year of 1915, Happiness, Prosperity and Continued Good Health and may we have the pleasure of seeing your smiling faces at the Home of Young Men's Clothes.

Clothingly yours,

The IXL Clothing Co

PAULSEN BUILDING

Corner Riverside and Stevens Street

THE ELK DRUG CO.

Solicits your patronage and suggests the following articles on which we can offer exceptional values.

Manicure Sets.

Parker Fountain Pens, \$1.50 to \$7.00.

Pocket Knives.

Fine Box Stationery, 15c to \$1.00.

Toilet Waters.

Safety Razors—all makes.

Perfumes, Domestic and Imported, 25c to \$2.00 the ounce.

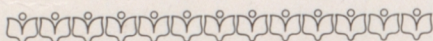
Toilet Soaps.

Combs, Brushes, Mirrors.

Do not overlook Stone's Cold Remedies, Cough Syrups, Cold and Grippe Tablets and Sore throat Remedy. We Guarantee them all.

Remember the New Location 331
Riverside Avenue. Opp. Rex Theatre.

W. C. STONE, Prop.



HAT CERTIFICATES

are always considered by the recipient as the best of gifts and especially so if they call for a "Black and White" hat.



He—"I hear Sig Blum sang, 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' at a Masque meeting."

She—"Yes."

He—"Did he do it well?"

She—"He did it so well, that five persons left the room overcome with seasickness."

Teacher—"William, in front of you is north, to your right is east, to your left is west. What's behind you?"

Freshie—"A patch in my pants. I told ma you'd see it."—Ex.

Mr. Ramsey (Civics Class)—"When the time comes when the president of the U. S. is elected directly by the people, there will be less work for the civics student."

Ralph N. (suddenly awaking)—"Gee! That's interesting."

The Best Ice Cream

IS FURNISHED BY

THE HAZELWOOD DAIRY

THE HOME OF

PURE MILK, CREAM, and ICE CREAM

PHONE MAIN 5147

BROWN AND PACIFIC

FOR the COLLEGE BOY



We suggest this striking new ENGLISH model shown in the famous "SUPERBA" \$4.00 line of ours—and if you are not already acquainted with the splendid merits of that new line we urge you to make their acquaintance this winter.

See window display at our consolidated new store in the Hyde Block, 609 Riverside.

The Model Boot Shop

THE WASHINGTON CREED

- ¶ It is the aim of this office to make money on every job that is turned out.
- ¶ It is also the aim to give the customer every advantage of labor-saving equipment.
- ¶ Though not the largest, this is the best-equipped plant for its size in Spokane.
- ¶ If we sell a job of printing without having given an estimate beforehand, the customer buys it absolutely at the minimum cost, plus 20 per cent we want for profit.
- ¶ To those merchants who are willing to pay honest prices for printing honestly and correctly done, we appeal for business, and we have many such customers.
- ¶ We are not in business to see how close we can figure, or to see how much we can get for our printed product; but we are here to make 20 per cent on each job we handle.
- ¶ If you are looking for this kind of a printer, "We Are It."

The Washington Print

S. 109 Wall Street

Phone Main 1527, and our Solicitor
Will Call

You Cannot Afford to Miss the Opportun- ity to see our Fine Line of Young Men's Furnishings



PEERLESS CLOTHING CO.

Headquarters for
Young Men's Wearing
Apparel.

If EVERY NORTH CENTRAL
BOY AND GIRL DOESN'T
GIVE THE TAMARACK ADVER-
TISERS THEIR BUSINESS, THERE
IS SOMETHING WRONG. :: ::

¶ It's up to every student to see
that our advertisers get good
results from their spaces --- so get
busy and patronize our advertisers



HE ability to save money is not a
gift --- it requires the constant
application of self denial. Self
denial is self restraint. Strengthen
your self restraint by saving a
portion of your wages or allowance each
week --- Our savings department is at your
service.

Spokane State Bank

Corner Nora and Division

SPORTING GOODS

Special Prices to North Central Students

JOHN T. LITTLE HARDWARE CO.

110 Washington Street, bet. Riverside and Main

*A Combination Without a Parallel.
A Great Event.*

ALMA GLUCK

"My True Successor."

—MME. SEMBRICH

IN A JOINT
APPEARANCE
WITH

A GREAT
VIOLINIST

EFREM ZIMBALIST

Auditorium Theatre

Monday Night, Feb. 15

∴ PRICES ∴

FLOOR: \$2.50, \$2.00

Balcony: \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00.

Gal. Res. \$1.00. Gal. Adm. 75c.

SEAT SALE SATURDAY, FEB. 13.

ADDRESS MAIL ORDERS TO MRS. H.

W. ALLEN, LOCAL MANAGER,
CARE OF THEATRE.

Four Stages of the Brain

After long search for the Freshie's
brain,

The microscope found one tiny grain;
The Sophomore's brain has begun to
grow,

Tho' few could guess it from what
they show;

The Junior lacks the needed brain,
To come indoors when it starts to
rain,

I know the Senior's brain's O. K.,
'Tis a fact that goes without much
say.

—Ex.

Mr. Kreider (to Chemistry Class)—
"Turn to your appendix."

How unreasonable!

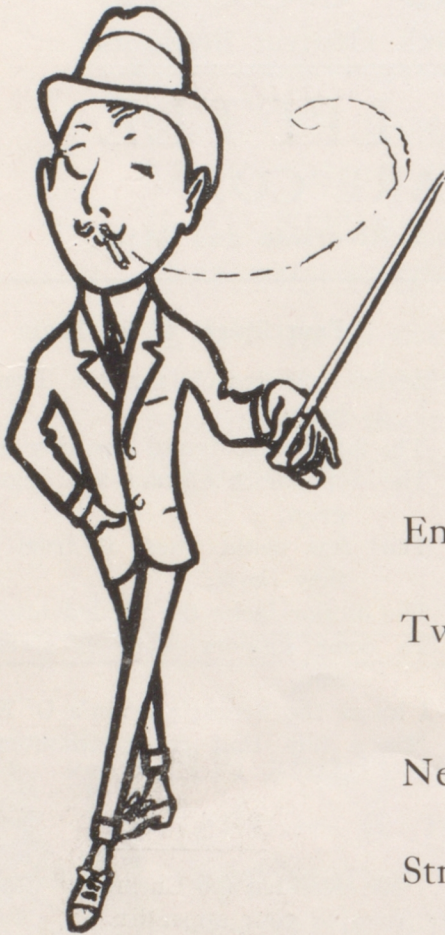
He—"Have you read 'Freckles'?"

She—"No, it's my veil."

Hot Chicken Tamales *and*
Chili Con Carne always ready at

"BROOKS"

☛ The only place on
the North Side that
has Ice Cream in
Bulk and Brick at
all times, winter and
summer. Telephone
Maxwell 1834.



The Very Cleverest

BLUE SERGES

For Smartly Dressed
Fellows are seen in the

**ALDER-ROCHESTER
AND "ULTRA" LINES**

English and Conservative
Models.

Two and three-button styles
with new Soft Roll
Collars.

New Athletic Vests with or
Without Collars.

Straight and regular Trousers
cut along new lines---

In short, these are new suits and everything about
them is new. Every line of them emphasizes
cleverness and quality.

Special Lineup at \$15 and \$20 in Blue Serges
That Will be Worn by the Best Dressed Men
In the 1915 Graduating Class. :: :: ::

KEMP & HEBERT

Song of a Senior

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Down in my little bunk;
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
So that I may not flunk.
(One who knows.)

—Ex.

“What would you call the children of the Czar?”

“What Czar dines, I suppose.”—Ex.

Orator (orating on wife desertion)
—“Think, my hearers, of the poor neglected wife, all alone in the great, dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot, and wiping away her tears with the other.”
—Ex.

“Why do motorists talk of taking a spin?”

“Because they go at top speed.”

Heard in Class

1. Homer was a man who helped Dr. Schliemann dig up Troy.

2. Every year the Nile overflows and leaves a thick layer of sentiment (sediment) on the land.

3. The Pharoahs of Egypt used the pyramids to do the work in the fields for them.

4. Latin IV—“Finding fords they crossed the river.”

(Later) “Overcome by speeding (running) and weariness, the soldiers—”

“That must have been in the ‘fords’ they found.”

5. In Athens they had many clam quarrels (clan struggles).

Some Hot Drinks

They're Mighty Fine

AT

The Fern

GEO. PORTER, Mgr.

322 Riverside Avenue



Goldsmith's 1915

Baseball Goods

BETTER THAN EVER

Open for your inspection February 1st.

Spokane Hardware Co.

516 Riverside Avenue



Crane's Linen Lawn

THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER

IN Western Massachusetts, in the heart of the beautiful Berkshire Hills, for more than a century the Crane Mills have been engaged in making writing papers for gentlefolk the world over.

Ideal surroundings, pure water, and the careful painstaking workmanship that has always characterized the work of New Englanders since the earliest Colonial days, all play their part in the production of the fine social stationery.

Crane's Linen Lawn, a paper of delightful finish and exquisite quality, is a paper which is used by all who require the best and smartest stationery.

Crane's Correct Writing Papers are sold by

John W. Graham & Co
It is Made of Pure White Linen

707-709-711 Sprague Ave.

EVERYBODY APPRECIATES STYLISH FOOTWEAR

That is why so many Tamarack readers are getting their shoes at 818 Riverside, where the limit in price is \$4.50; but there is no limit in style, comfort, wear and store service.

=

EYLLER SHOE CO.

(Opposite Casino Theatre)

S P R I N G

FASHIONS AND FABRICS
NOW READY

We ask you to do us both a favor and see our showing while the selection is at its best.

We are confident that you will give us that order when you are in the market if you'll but look now.

HIGHEST QUALITY
SUPERIOR STYLING
MODERATE PRICES

GREIF & HILL

Spokane's Only Young Men's Tailors

212 Granite Blk.

